

G

Was a Giant,
both surly and
flout.

H

Was a Hunts-
man, and rov'd
all about.

I

Was an Inn-
keeper, and
he sold Ale.

K

Was a King
that would of-
ten regale.

L

Was a Liar, by
all Men ab-
horr'd.

M

Was a Mer-
chant, as rich
as a Lord.

N

Was a Noodle,
and he turned
a Rake.

O

Was an Oven
to bake a
Plumb Cake.

P

Was a Parrot,
and chatter'd
away.

Q

Was the Ques-
tion, to School
or to play.

R

Run a Race by
himself, and
was beat.

S

Was a Slut,
and spoilt the
Roast Meat.



T

Was a Traytor
and deserved
to swing.

V

Vow'd him Ven-
geance, and told
it the King.

W

Was a Warrior
stout, active,
and bold.

X

Was Xantippe
that arrant
old Scold.

Y

Was a Youth,
a pretty good
Lad.

Z

Was a Zany,
altogether as
bad.

a A

Was an Admiral over
the Main.



b B

Was a Bomb by which
'Thousands were slain.



c C

Was a Countess who
had a fair Face,



d D

Was a Duke all co-
ver'd with Lace.



w W

Was wise and avoided
all Strife.



x X

Was Xantippe the
Scold of a Wife.



y Y

Was a young Man who
sought for Promotion.



z Z

Was a Zealot and full
of Devotion.



LETTERS are divided into VOWELS
and CONSONANTS.

<i>Roman.</i>		<i>Italick.</i>	
A	a	A	a
E	e	E	e
I	i	I	i
O	o	O	o
U	u	U	u

<i>Roman.</i>		<i>Italick.</i>	
W	w	W	w
Y	y	Y	y

Note, These are Vow-
els only when used
for U and I.

CONSONANTS.

<i>Roman.</i>			
B	b	P	p
C	c	Q	q
D	d	R	r
F	f	S	s
G	g	T	t
H	h	V	v
J	j	W	w
K	k	X	x
L	l	Y	y
M	m	Z	z
N	n		

<i>Italic.</i>			
B	b	P	p
C	c	Q	q
D	d	R	r
F	f	S	s
G	g	T	t
H	h	V	v
J	j	W	w
K	k	X	x
L	l	Y	y
M	m	Z	z
N	n		

Of the foregoing *Vowels* and *Consonants* are
made *Syllables*, and of them are made *Words*,
as will appear by the following *Tables*.

Easy

Easy Syllables, of two Letters only.

TABLE I.

TABLE II.

ab	eb	ib	ob	ub	ba	be	bi	bo	bu	by
ac	ec	ic	oc	uc	ca	ce	ci	co	cu	cy
ad	ed	id	od	ud	da	de	di	do	du	dy
af	ef	if	of	uf	fa	fe	fi	fo	fu	fy
ag	eg	ig	og	ug	ga	ge	gi	go	gu	gy
ah	eh	—	oh	—	ha	he	hi	ho	hu	hy
ak	ek	ik	ok	uk	ja	je	ji	jo	ju	jy
al	el	il	ol	ul	ka	ke	ki	ko	ku	ky
am	em	im	om	um	la	le	li	lo	lu	ly
an	en	in	on	un	ma	me	mi	mo	mu	my
ap	ep	ip	op	up	na	ne	ni	no	nu	ny
ar	er	ir	or	ur	pa	pe	pi	po	pu	py
as	es	is	os	us	ra	re	ri	ro	ru	ry
at	et	it	ot	ut	sa	se	si	so	su	sy
au	eu	—	ou	—	ta	te	ti	to	tu	ty
aw	ew	—	ow	—	va	ve	vi	vo	vu	vy
ax	ex	ix	ox	ux	wa	we	wi	wo	—	wy
ay	ey	—	oy	—	ya	ye	yi	yo	yu	—
az	ez	iz	oz	uz	za	ze	zi	zo	zu	zy

TABLE III.

Easy significant Words of three Letters only.

A	jam	den	pen	dig	cog	rot	hug
Act	lad	ebb	red	fig	dog	fop	jug
bad	mad	fed	fet	hip	fog	top	lug
cag	pad	gem	tén	pig	gog	wot	mug
dam	rag	hen	vex	rib	hog	U	nut
and	sad	jet	web	lip	jog	Bub	pun
fat	tax	ken	yes	tip	log	cub	rum
gag	wax	leg	zed	wig	mob	dug	fun
had	E	men	I	O	nob	fun	tun
hat	Bed	net	Bib	Box	pot	gun	

TABLE IV.

Easy significant Words of four Letters only.

A	pace	help	well	milk	dock	tomb
Back	race	jest	yell	nine	fold	vote
cake	sack	kept	I	pill	gold	wolf
dame	tack	lend	Bind	rice	hold	youlk
face	vast	mend	chin	fize	jolt	U
game	wast	neck	dirt	tide	lock	Bull
hack	E	peck	fill	vine	mock	cull
jack	Bell	rent	gift	wife	nose	dull
lace	cell	sent	hill	O	pose	gu.l
mace	debt	tend	kill	Bone	rock	hull
name	fell	vend	life	cock	sock	just

TABLE

TABLE V.

Significant Words of five Letters.

A	trade	tenth	might	dross	world
Badge	watch	verse	night	frost	U
carve	E	wedge	pride	ghost	Bunch
dance	Blend	I	quite	horse	crumb
flame	clerk	Bride	right	knock	dunce
grace	fresh	chick	fight	lodge	flute
hanch	glebe	ditch	thing	mouth	judge
lance	hedge	flint	wring	north	nurse
match	ketch	grind	O	porch	punch
patch	pence	knife	Block	floth	shrub
shade	spend	light	clock	troth	

TABLE VI.

Significant Words of six, seven, or more Letters.

A	straights	stretch'd	quince	stroke
Branch	E	strength	scribe	throne
chance	Clench	twelfth	thirst	wolves
france	drench	I	wright	U
prance	french	Bridge	glimpse	Church
strand	length	christ	spring	drudge
thames	speech	flight	O	grudge
warmth	trench	knight	Browse	shrunk
scratch	wrench	plight	clothe	thrust

TABLE VII.

Words of one Syllable, *wherein two Vowels make a Dipthong and three a Triphthong.*

A I	naught	zeal	streight	O I	moon
Aid	pause	E E	their	Boil	noon
bait	taught	Beef	I E	coil	pool
chain	vault	cheese	Bier	foil	root
drain	E A	deed	chief	hoist	foot
fain	Bead	feet	field	joint	tool
gain	cheap	geese	grief	loin	wool
hail	dead	heed	liege	moist	O U
maid	ear	keep	pierce	noise	Bought
nail	fear	lees	shield	oil	could
pail	glean	meek	thief	point	doubt
rail	hear	need	yield	soil	fought
fail	knead	peep	O A	toil	ground
tail	lead	reed	Boar	voice	hound
vail	meat	fee	coach	O O	louse
wail	neat	tree	groat	Book	mount
A U	peach	weed	hoarse	crook	nought
Aunt	reach	E I	load	door	pound
baul	swear	Drein	moan	food	round
caul	tear	feign	oak	good	found
fault	wear	height	road	hood	touch
laugh	year	reign	throat	look	vouch
					wound

wound	quench	quite	paw	hew	fowl
youth	quell	slice	raw	jew	howl
U A	U I	fruit	saw	knew	gown
Guard	Built	A W	taw	lewd	know
quack	fruit	Awe	thaw	mew	low
quaint	guide	awl	yawn	new	mow
quake	guile	daub	E W	pew	now
qualm	guild	dawn	Blew	few	owl
quart	guilt	fawn	crew	yew	prow
quash	juice	flaw	drew	O W	row
U E	quick	jaw	ewe	Bow	fow
Blue	quill	law	few	cow	tow
guess	quilt	maw	grew	down	vow
guest	quince				

TABLE VIII.

Consisting of Words of one Syllable, beginning with two Consonants.

B L	blefs	bloom	B R	brawls	chalk
Blab	bleft	blow	Brade	bray	chance
black	bleat	blows	brag	braze	change
blade	blew	blowze	brake	C H	chap
blame	blight	blue	branch	Chace	chart
blast	blind	bluff	brand	chaff	charge
bled	blifs	blunt	brass	chain	charm
bleed	block	blur	brat	chair	chat
bleak	blood	blush	brave	chaife	chew

chew	class	C R	drain	flail	frame
check	clasp	Crab	draw	flakes	france
cheek	clave	crack	dray	flap	frank
chest	clause	craft	dread	flask	fraught
cheap	claw	crag	dream	flaw	fray
chick	clean	cram	dregs	flay	freak
child	clear	cramp	dress	fled	tree
chile	cleanse	crape	dress	fledg'd	freed
chill	cleave	crave	drew	fleece	fret
chime	cleft	craw	drink	fleece	freeze
chine	click	cream	drift	flesh	fright
chink	cliff	creed	drill	fleet	friend
chip	clift	creek	drip	flew	frock
chit	climb	creep	drive	fling	frog
chop	clime	crete	droll	flint	from
chord	cling	crew	drone	flip	frost
chose	clip	crib	drove	flirt	froze
chuck	clock	crick	drub	flit	fruit
chum	clad	crime	drug	fly	fry
church	clog	croak	drum	flock	GH
churn	cloaths	cross	drunk	flood	Ghost
chuse	cloath	croud	dry	flop	ghast
C L	cloud	crumb	D W	flounce	G L
Clack	clouts	crust	Dwarf	flow	Glad
clad	cloy	cry	dwell	flute	glade
clan	club	D R	dwelt	flux	gland
clap	cluck	Drab	F L	F R	glare
					glaze

glaze	grease	kneel	plot	Psalms
gleam	greece	knell	plow	<i>R H</i>
glean	green	knife	pluck	Rhine
glebe	greet	knight	plug	rhomb
glee	great	knit	plumb	rheum
gleek	grieve	knives	plump	<i>S C</i>
gleet	grew	knob	plush	Scab
glide	grief	knot	ply	scale
globe	grigs	know	<i>P R</i>	scald
gloom	grim	<i>P H</i>	Pray	scar
gloss	grin	Phase	praise	scarce
glove	grind	phare	prance	scare
glue	gripe	<i>P L</i>	prate	scene
glut	grist	Place	press	scite
<i>G N</i>	grit	plague	prest	scoff
Gnath	groan	plaice	prey	scold
gnat	groom	plain	pride	scot
gnaw	groove	plan	priest	scud
<i>G R</i>	grot	plat	prime	scum
Grace	grove	plate	prince	scut
graff	grow	play	prize	<i>S H</i>
graft	grub	plea	proof	Shade
grange	gruff	plead	prove	shagg
grape	grunt	please	prow	shake
grafs	<i>K N</i>	pledge	prude	shale
grate	Knave	plight	prune	shall
grave	knee	plod	<i>P S</i>	

shalt

shalt	shun	slit	snort	spur
sham	shut	sloop	snuff	spy
shame	shy	slope	snug	<i>S Q</i>
shape	<i>S K</i>	slough	<i>S P</i>	Squab
share	Skain	slow	Spade	squall
sharp	skue	slug	Spain	square
shave	skull	slur	spake	squat
sheaf	sky	slut	spall	squeeze
shed	<i>S L</i>	fly	Spain	squib
shell	Slab	<i>S M</i>	spare	squint
sheep	slack	Smack	spate	<i>S T</i>
sheer	slain	small	spaw	Stab
sheet	slap	smart	sped	stack
shew	slate	smell	spell	staff
shin	slaye	smelt	spend	stag
shine	slay	smeer	spent	stage
shire	sleek	smile	spice	stain
shirt	sleep	smite	spike	stall
shock	sleet	smock	spin	stand
shod	sleeve	smush	spire	starch
shoes	slew	smut	spit	stare
shone	slice	<i>S N</i>	spoil	stark
shop	slid	Snare	sport	stave
shore	slide	snatch	spot	stay
shot	slight	sneeze	spout	stays
shove	slime	snipe	spun	stead
show	slip	snot		

steal

steal	swarm	third	trite	which
stealth	swap	thirst	trod	whiff
steam	swell	this	trope	whig
steed	sway	though	trot	while
steep	swell	those	trow	whine
step	swear	through	true	whip
steer	sweat	thought	truck	whilst
stick	sweep	thumb	trull	whit
stiff	sweet	thus	trunk	who
still	swift	thy	truss	whole
stir	swill	<i>T R</i>	trust	whom
stock	swine	Trace	truth	whoop
stole	swing	trade	try	whose
stood	swoon	trail	<i>T W</i>	why
stoop	sword	train	Twang	<i>W R</i>
stove	swung	trapes	twelfth	Wrack
stout	<i>T H</i>	tray	twelve	wrap
stow	Thanks	tread	twice	wrapt
stuck	that	tree	twine	wrath
stud	theft	trench	twist	wrench
stuff	them	tret	two	wretch
stun	then	tribe	<i>W H</i>	wring
sty	there	trice	Wharf	wrist
<i>S W</i>	these	trick	what	write
Swab	they	trig	wheeze	wrong
swag	thick	trill	when	wrote

CHR Christ chrism	SPR Sprawl spread
PHL Phlegm	spring sprout spruce
PHR Phrase	sprung
SCH Scheme schism	STR Strap stretch
school	strew strike string
SCR Scratch screen	strong strung
scribe scroll scrub	THR Thrall thread
SHR Shred shrill	three thrice trust
shroud shrub	through
SPH Sphere sphinx	THW Thwart
SPL Splash splay	
spleen split	

T A B L E IX.

Consisting of Words of one Syllable, in all their various Terminations, with two, three, and four Consonants.

CH Teach reach -	LP Help whelp
CK Lick stick	LT Salt malt
CT Act fact	MB Dumb thumb
DS Beads heads	MN Limn Hymn
FT Gift lift	MP Pomp romp
GH Bough tough	ND End mend
GN Reign feign	NG Ring sing
LD Bold cold	NK Ink link
LF Half calf	NS Pens fens
LK Silk Milk	NT Hint mint
LM Balm psalm	PT Supt cup

RB Herb curb
RD Herd bird
RF Wharf scarf
RK Jerk lurk
RL Pearl curl
RM Storm Worm
RN Worn torn
RS Curs firs
RT Art Part
SH Dish fish
SK Ask task
SM Schism prism
SP Asp hasp
ST Mast past
TH Truth youth
XT Next text
ZZ Buzz fuzz
TCH Catch fetch
DGE Judge budge
GHT Bought
 thought

GUE Rogue vogue
LCH Belch welch
LTH Health wealth
LLS Fills wells
LSE Else false
MPT Crampt stamp
NCE Dance prance
NSE Sense rinse
NCH Bench tench
NGE Range change
RCE Scarce farce
RGE Urge purge
RSE Curse verse
RTH Birth mirth
RVE Carve starve
RSH Harsh marsh
GHTS Weights
 freights -
NGTH Length
 strength
LFTH Twelfth

*Select MORAL SENTENCES by Way of
 Practice on the Monosyllables.*

LESSON I.

*A good Child will not do an ill Thing, nor
 speak an ill Word; but will strive all he can*

to do well, and learn that which will make him wise.

B Be not twice bid to hold your Peace.

C Come to School as soon as you can, and whilst you are there sit still and mind your Book.

D Do not play when you are at School, nor let your Tongue run too fast: They that talk most learn the least.

LESSON II.

E Each Day, the first and last Thing you do pray to God; and give him Thanks for all such good Things as he has been pleas'd to give you.

F Fear God and keep his Laws; and then he will bless you, and all good Men will love and praise you.

G God is good to all that put their Trust in him.

H He is not poor that hath not much; but he that would have more; for Want lies in the Wish.

LESSON III.

Y Jest not at the Hurt of any one, for God sends Woe to make us wise.

I If you see a Fool mock him not; but
give

give God Thanks that his Case is not your own.

K Keep your Tongue, and keep your Friends : Few Words are best in a Child's Mouth.

L Live so as to have no Cause to blush when you are by yourself.

M Make Use of a Friend with great Care. Trust no one till you know him well.

LESSON IV.

N No one is wise at all Times ; but some are Fools at all Hours.

O Our Lives are in Part fair, and Part foul ; Joy and Grief, like Links in a Chain, come quick to us.

P Pride was not made for Man ; in a Child it looks ill, and is a bad Sign of a Heart that is naught.

Q Quit all Vice, hate all Sin, and love that which is good.

LESSON V.

R Rise as soon as you can. Give not Way to Ease and Sleep ; but learn of the Ant, to make the best Use of your Time.

S Speak not ill of the Dead ; nor speak at all of one, of whom you have no good Thing

Thing to say ; but when you do speak, take Heed that you speak the Truth.

T Truth gives a Grace to all that a Man says ; but a Lie is a Shame to him that tells it.

V Vice is the worst Thing in the World ; for it will both rob you of your Peace of Mind, and bring you to Shame at the same Time.

U Use all Things that God gives you to his Praise and your own Good.

LESSON VI.

W When you go to School, think what you are to do there ; and when you come from thence think what you have done.

X Stands for Ten ; and ten Laws God gave to Men to be the Rule of their Lives.

Y Youth are no less bound to those that teach them, than to those who brought them into the World.

Z Zeal in a good Cause ought to be prais'd ; but it makes a bad Cause worse.

Select PROVERBIAL SENTENCES *consisting*
of easy Words of one Syllable,

LESSON VII.

A Colt may be broke, but an old Horse will have his Tricks.

B Be

B Be a Friend to yourself, and you'll
ne'er want a Friend.

C Clean Hands wants no Ball to Wash
them with.

D Do all you can to be good, and you'll
be so.

E Each Scrap of a wise Man's Time is
worth his Care.

F Friends are not so soon got as lost.

G Great Wealth and Peace of Mind are
not to be met with in one House.

H He that has lost his good Name is dead
to the World.

I If thou wouldst have a good Crop,
sow with thy Hand, but pour not out of
the Sack.

K Keep your Purse and your Mouth close.

L Lay Things by, they may come to
Use.

M Make Hay whilst the Sun shines.

N No Rogue like a false Saint.

O Of Sloth comes no Good.

P Poor Men may think well, but Rich
Men may think well, and do well too if they
please.

Q Quick at Meat, quick at Work.

R Rich Men feel Cares that are not
known to the poor.

S Sell not the Bear's Skin till you have taken the Bear.

T Take hold of Time whilst Time is, for Time and Tide will stay for no one.

V Vice rules where Gold reigns.

W WASTE makes Want.

Y Youth and Wax take the first Stamp.

Z Zeal is fit for none but such as are wise.



The FOX and CROW, a FABLE, consisting of Words not exceeding one Syllable.

LESSON VIII.

A Crow took a Piece of Cheese out of a Man's House, and flew up on the Top of a Tree with it, to eat it there. A Fox that

that saw the Cheefe came and sat near the Tree. He had a great Mind to it but did not know which Way to come at it. At last he prais'd the Crow in these, or the like soft Terms :—Ne'er did I, from my Birth to this Day, see a Bird so fair and so white as you are. Ah ! what a fine Shape is there ! what a fine Head ! What fine Feet you have ! No doubt but your Voice is as fine too. Pray let me hear one Song from your sweet Mouth. If your Notes prove but as sweet, there is not a Bird in the whole Wood like you. Sure you are the Queen of Birds. The Crow was so proud, and so charm'd at these smooth Words, that he could not see through the Cheat. He sung, and at the same Time let the Cheefe drop out of his Mouth. And as this was all the Fox aim'd at, he chop'd it up at once, turn'd Tail, and with a Smile mov'd off the Ground.

THE APPLICATION.

From this short Tale, the Fair Sex should learn not to be puff'd up with pride, when they hear a Man launch out in praise of their Charms. All is not Gold that makes a fair Show.

Select TABLES, consisting of Words not exceeding two Syllables.

Words accented on the first Syllable

A A-corn ad-der af-ter a-gue al-ter am-bush an-them ap-ple ar-gent art-ful asth-ma a-tom au-tumn aw-ful ax-le a-zure.

B Ba-con beg-gar bi-ble bod-kin but-ter bux-om.

C Ca-ble ce-dar cir-cle cof-fer cud-gel cy-pher.

D Dag-ger de-luge din-ner doc-trine du-ty.

E Ear-ly- e-dict ef-fort el-ders em-bers en-try er-min ef-say e-ver ew-er ex-tent.

F Fa-ble fe-male fi-gure fo-rest fur-nace.

G Gar-den gen-der gin-ger god-defs gut-ter.

H Hap-py hel-met hid-den ho-mage hun-ger.

J Jan-gle jel-ly jin-gle jo-cund jus-tice.

I I-dle ill-nefs i-mage in-cense irk-some is-sue i-vy.

K Ker-nal king-dom kna-vish know-ledge

L La-dy les-son li-cence lo-cust lu-cre.

M Ma-gic me-lon mis-trefs mo-deft mu-sic.

N Na-ture nec-tar nim-ble no-tice num-ber.

O Of-fice

O Of-fice o-live o-men o-pen o-range
o-strich ot-ter o-ven.

P Pa-lace pen-cil pil-grim pot-tage pud-
ding.

Q Qua-kers que-rist quin-ces.

R Ran-dom re-fuge ri-ver rot-ten ru-ral.

S Sab-bath se-cret fil-ver sober sugar.

T Ta-lent tem-per til-lage tor-ment tu-
mult.

V Va-lue vel-vet vil-lage vo-lume vul-gar.

U Ud-der ug-ly ul-cer um-brage un-cle
up-per ur-chin ut-most.

W Wan-ton wel-come wif-dom wor-ship.

Y Yon-der youthful younger.

Z Zea-lous,

TABLE II.

*Consisting of Words not exceeding two Sylla-
bles, with the Accent on the last.*

A Above access address affirm alarm amend
approve arrest assize attempt avenge awake.

B Baptize beneath behind before between
beyond.

C Cabal cares combine controul contemn
contempt.

D Debase debate dethrone detract divine
divert.

E Eclipse effect elect embalm engage erect
escape estate evade exalt.

F Forbid

F Forbid forget forgive forlorn forsake.

G Gazette grotesque.

H Halloo huzza.

J Japan jocose.

I Imbibe immense immure impart impure
increase induce infect ingraft innate inol
insert intrude invade.

L Lament.

M Manure mature mistake mistrust.

N Neglect.

O Obey oblige obscure observe occur
offence oppose oppress.

P Parole perfume pollute pursue premise
provide.

R Recant redress refer regard relate remiss
repent reside return revenge reward.

S Salute secure sincere support.

T Traduce transfer translate trepan.

U Unfair unfit unjust uphold unlade un-
less until usurp,

TABLE III.

*Consisting of Words of two Syllables, which
begin with two Consonants, and are accented
on the first Syllable.*

BL Bladder blemish blister blossom bluster

BR Bramble brethren bridle brother
brutish.

CH Chamber

CH Chamber cherish children chosen
churches chymist

CL Claret clergy climate closet clutter.

CR Credit crimson crotchet crusty crys-
tal.

DR Dragon dreamers drinking dropsey
druggist.

FL Flagon flemish flintstone florid fluent.

GR Gravel greedy grind-stone grotto
grumble.

PL Planet plenty pliant plotter plum-
met plymouth.

PR Practice precept prison process pru-
dence,

SC Scandal scepter science sconces scuttle.

SH Shambles shepherd shilling shovel
shuffle.

SK Skinner skittle.

SL Slander slender slipper sloven slumber.

SM Smatter smelling smiling smother
smutty.

SP Spanish speckle spider spoonful spongy.

SQ Squander squeamish squirrel.

ST Stammer sterling stipend stomach stut-
ter.

TH Thankful therefore thirsty thought-
ful thunder.

TR Traffick

TR Traffick tremble tribute trophy trumpet.

WH Whether whistle wholesome.

WR Wrangle wrestle wrongful.

Words of two Syllables, *which begin with three Consonants, and are accented on the first Syllable.*

SCH Scholar.

SCR Scramble.

SPL Splendid.

STR Stranger.

THR Thraldom.

Select SENTENCES, consisting of Words not exceeding two Syllables.

LESSON I.

A A sure Friend is best known in a doubtful Case: We know not whom to trust till after Trial. There are too many who pretend great Love and Friendship to us, whilst we are able to help ourselves, that will not so much as know us, when we stand in Need of them.

B Be very careful how you spend your Time; for when 'tis once past it can never be called back again:

C Cato being asked what he thought of Death, made this wise Reply; would God
grant

grant me the Favour to become young again, I would desire to refuse it; on the other Hand, I am not griev'd that I have liv'd thus long, because I have liv'd in a constant Awe and Fear of the Divine Being. Nor do I fear to die, as I am to quit my Inn only, and not my House.

D Disdain not one who is below you in the Gifts of Fortune; since he may be as far above you in the Gifts of the Mind, which are the only true Riches.

E Excess is always hurtful; we often see the brightest Parts obscur'd by Vice; great Wits have too often great Errors, and great Cares attend great Estates.

F Frequent thinking on such Things as concern the Welfare of the Soul, is of Use even for the most tender Years: None can begin to serve God too soon. He that spends most Time in the Service of his Maker, shall have the largest Reward.

L E S S O N II.

G Gold and Silver have no real Virtue in themselves; and though they are proper to purchase what outward Things we stand in

D

Need

Need of in this Life; yet he that has only enough to answer his End, may be as happy as a Prince.

H He that lives by the Rules of Reason shall never be poor, and he that governs his Life by any other Rules shall never be rich: Nature is content with a little, but Fancy is boundless.

I It is beneath a noble Mind to contest with such Persons as have neither Honour nor Courage: Contempt in such a Case is the best Revenge.

K Knowledge and Learning are of such Nature, that the more a Man is possessed of them, the more he desires and thirsts after them.

L Lie not upon any Account. If it is complied with only for Mirth's Sake, yet Sorrow will attend it: He is very thoughtless and weak, who will hazard the Ruin of his own Soul to make Sport for others.

M Money is the Miser's God, which he salutes at an humble Distance, and dares not to be too free with. When a Bond or a Mortgage fails, there is nothing that can support his Spirits, or keep him within any Compass; His Humour and his Face are put into Mourning,
and

and so would the rest of his Person, were it not for the Charge.

L E S S O N III.

N Nothing is a greater Proof of Wisdom than a prudent Use of our Time; and nothing will produce, on mature Thoughts, such solid and such lasting Pleasure.

O Omit no Time of doing Good, and you will find no Time for doing Evil: Ever engage in the Ways of Virtue, so will you escape the Snares of Vice.

P Pride hides our Faults from ourselves, and makes them appear larger to others than perhaps in Fact they are. It will make a Man dictate to those that know more than himself, and of whom he ought to learn; it will make him rather chuse to persist in those Errors which he has imbibed, than to humble himself so far as to be better inform'd.

Q Quiet Persons are always the Objects of Love and Esteem. Have therefore a Hatred to all Quarrels and Debates; study to inform your Minds, and to reform your Lives.

R Riches in the Hands of one who got them by fair Means, and has a Heart to use them, are a great Blessing: but in the Hands of a Miser they are a Curse.

S Sloth is a certain Token of a mean and abject Mind, which is ever content to grovel in an obscure State, and aims at nothing that is great or worthy of Praise.

LESSON IV.

T The best stand in Need of somewhat to afflict them for the Trial of their Virtues. Should all Things succeed to our Wishes, how could we exert the Grace of Content aright, or resign, as we ought, without a Murmur, to the Will of Heaven.

V Virtue is the Beauty of the Mind, and the greatest Grace Mankind can boast of. It stirs up our Reason when our Senses err, and at that Time is our greatest Safeguard.

W Were we not blinded by the false Shew of some tempting Objects, we should, doubtless, prefer a quiet Mind, and a serene Soul, to the Empire of the whole World.

X Excuse what you see amiss in others, since all Mankind are guilty of Errors.

Y Young Men will never meet with Contempt or Disgrace from Men of Sense, unless they hasten to be rich by doing in Secret what is shameful and unjust.

Z Zeal

Z Zeal in a good Cause deserves to meet with Applause; but when blind, it's very hurtful.

SELECT PROVERBS, *alphabetically digested, consisting of Words not exceeding two Syllables.*

A A Miser does nothing that he should do, till he dies.

B Be upon your Guard against a smooth Tongue; for sometimes it will sting you to the Quick.

C Content, like the wise Man's Stone, turns all it touches into Gold.

D Drive not too many Ploughs at once; for some of them will be apt to make foul Work.

E Errors when once settled, are the hardest Things in Nature to be remov'd.

F Fathers, when they would reclaim their Children, should outwit them if they can, but very seldom beat them.

G God, who made the Wor'd with so much Wisdom, with the same Wisdom governs it.

H How can the Foal amble, when the Horse and Mare trot? If Parents will not set their Children a good Pattern, 'tis no Wonder if they neglect their Precepts.

I If the Devil should catch a Man idle, he will set him to work.

K Keep your Plough jogging, and then you'll always have Corn for your Horses.

L Live not upon Trust, for 'tis the Way to pay double.

M Measure not other Folks Corn by your own Bushel.

N No Rose is without its Thorn.

O Out of Debt, out of Danger.

P Point not at the Spots of others with a foul Finger.

Q Quiet Persons are for the most Part welcome, let them go where they will.

R Report never does a wise Man any Harm.

S She spins up a good Thread that brings up her Daughter well.

T Take Time while Time is: for Time, when once past, can never be recall'd.

V Virtue's Paths, tho' rugged at first, are always smooth and pleasant in the End.

U Under Flowers we too often find Thorns.

W Wealth and Content do not always dwell in one House.

Y Young Men *think* old Men Fools, but old Men *know* the young are so.

Z Zeal

Z Zeal without Knowledge is Warmth without Discretion.

The BENIGHTED SHEPHERD,
a Poetic Tale, *consisting of Words not exceeding two Syllables.*

A Shepherd once had lost his Way,
And by a Grotto chanc'd to stray ;
A Grot he ne'er had seen before,
Which rais'd his Wonder more and more :
What Trees are here ! what lovely Springs !
Here's Food for Heroes, Drink for Kings !
Now Hills, now Vales, protract his Stay,
Each Prospect charms, is new and gay ;
At Length, to make my Story short,
Night came and spoil'd the Shepherd's Sport ;
The frighted Youth beheld the Gloom,
And wish'd himself in vain at Home.

THE APPLICATION.

Thus foolish Mortals waste their Days,
On worthless gilded Baubles gaze ;
Trace o'er each sinful vain Delight
All Day, and never think of Night,
Till in some dreadful sudden Sort,
Death comes at once and cuts them short.

SELECT

SELECT TABLES, *consisting of Words not exceeding three Syllables.*

T A B L E I.

Accented on the first Syllable.

<i>A</i> Ab-di-cate	ac-cu-rate	ad-vo-cate
af-fa-ble	a-go-ny	al-pha-bet
a-mi-ty	a-ni-mate	ap-pe-tite
a-que-duct	a-ra-ble	at-tri-bute
a-va-ric	au-di-ence	
<i>B</i> Ba-nish-ment	be-ne-fice	bi-go-try
bot-tom-less	bu-ri-al	
<i>C</i> Car-di-nal	cen-tu-ry	cir-cu-late
co-mi-cal	cu-ri-ous	cy-lin-der
<i>D</i> Dan-ge-rous	de-cen-cy	di-a-dem
Dow-a-ger	du-ti-ful	
<i>E</i> E-bo-ny	e-di-fice	e-le-gance
e-mi-nence	e-ne-may	e-qui-ty
e-sti-mate	e-vi-dence	ex-er-cise
<i>F</i> Fa-cul-ty	fel-low-ship	fir-ma-ment
for-tu-nate	fur-ni-ture	
<i>G</i> Gal-le-ry	ge-ne-rous	gid-di-ness
god-li-ness	gun-pow-der	
<i>H</i> Hap-pi-ness	hep-tar-chy	hi-sto-ry
ho-li-ness	hus-ban-dry	hy-po-crite
<i>I</i> I-dle-ness	ig-no-rance	im-pu-dence
in-fa-mous	i-vo-ry	
<i>J</i> Jea-lou-sy	jo-vi-al	ju-ni-per

K Ka-

<i>K</i> Ka-len-der	kil-der-kin	kinf. wo-man
<i>L</i> Latitude	le-ga-cy	li-ber-ty
lon gi-tude	lux-u-ry	
<i>M</i> Ma-je-fty	mer-ci-ful	mi-li-tant
mo-de-rate	mu-ti-ny	my-fti cal
<i>N</i> Nar-ra-tive	neg-li-gence	ni-ce-ty
no-vel-ty	nur-se-ry	
<i>O</i> Ob-fta-cle	o-cu-list	o-di-ous
of-fi-cer	o mi-nous	o-ni-on
o-pe-rate	o-ra-cle	o-ther-wife
out-law-ry		
<i>P</i> Pa-ra-dife	pe-li-can	pin-na-cle
po-e-try	pub-li-can	py-ra-cy
<i>Q</i> Qua-li-ty	que-ri-lous	quin-tes-cence
quo-ti-ent		
<i>R</i> Ra-ii-ty	re-gi-fter	ri-vu-let
roy-al-ty	ru-di-ment	
<i>S</i> Sa-la-ry	fe-cre-cy	fi-mi-le
for-ce-ry	sub-til-ty	fy-na-gogue
<i>T</i> Ta-pe-fty	tem-pe-rance	ti-mo-rous
to-le-rate	tur-pen-tine	ty-ran-ny
<i>V</i> Va-li-ant	ve-ne-mous	vi-ne-gar
vo-lu-ble	vul-ne-rate	
<i>U</i> Ul-ti-mate	u-ni-ty	u-ri-nal
u-fu-ry	ut-te-rance	
<i>W</i> Watch-ful-ness	wea-ri-some	wick-ed-ness
won-der-ful		

Y Ye-ster-day youth-ful-ly
Z Zea-lous-ly zo-di-ac

T A B L E II.

*Words of three Syllables, accented on the middle
or second Syllable.*

A Abandon	acceptance	admonish
agreement	allowance	amazement
anchovy	apartment	assurance
attentive	authentic	appearance
B Balcony	beginning	benighted
C Cathedral	commandment	commencement
D Decorum	diminish	domestic
E Eclipsed	effective	elective
embellish	encounter	establish
eternal	example	embargo
F Fantastic	forgiveness	forfeited
G Genteely	gigantic	granado
H Hofannah	henceforward	heroic
I Idea	illustrate	immodest
L Lieutenant	lethargic	
M Maternal	mechanic	misfortune
N November	nocturnal	
O October	offender	opponent
outgoings	observant	obtruder
P Partaker	persuasive	pomatum
puissant	parental	performer

R Re-

R Recorder	romantic	remedy
S Seducer	submissive	satisfy
T Tarpaulin	testator	tobacco
triumphant	tolerate	tragical
V Verbatim	vicegerent	vanity
U Unfaithful	ultimate	unicorn
W Whenever	whoever	wanderer

T A B L E III.

Words of three Syllables, accented on the last Syllable.

A Acquiesce	afternoon	aggrandize
alamode	ambuscade	appertain
B Bandoleers	brigadier	buccaneer
C Cannonade	circumcise	comprehend
D Debauchee	disannul	domineer
ducatoon	disappear	disagree
E Entertain	equallize	evermore
expedite	epicene	
F Fusileer		
G Grenadier	guarantee	gazetteer
H Heretofore	hereupon	
I Idolize	immature	incommode
L Legatee		
M Magazine	misemploy	moralize
musketeer		
O Overflow	overbear	overbid

P Patentee	persevere	pioneer
pulverize	R Recollect	reconcile
S Scandalize	serenade	signalize
solemnize	superfine	superscribe
T Tantalize	tyrannize	
V Violin	volunteer	
U Undergone	W Wherewithal	Y Yesternight

T A B L E IV.

Consisting of Words of three Syllables, beginning with two and three Consonants, and accented on the first.

BL Blameable	blunderbuss	
BR Bravery	brevity	bribery
brotherhood		
CH Charity	chivalry	chemistry
CL Clamorous	clemency	
CR Craftiness	credible	criminal
crocodile	cruelty	
DR Drapery	drowiness	drunkenness
FR Frankincense	frequently	frugally
GL Gloominess	gluttony	
GR Gracious		
PR Practical	prevalent	principal
probable	prudently	
PS Psalmody	psalttery	
SP Spacious	specimen	spurious
		ST Sta-

<i>ST</i> Station	stigmatize	stomacher
studious		
<i>TH</i> Theory		
<i>TR</i> Tragedy	treacherous	trinity
trumpeter		
<i>WH</i> Whimsical	<i>WR</i> Wretchedness	wrongfully
<i>CHR</i> Christian	<i>SPH</i> Spherical	
<i>STR</i> Stratagem	strenuous	

SELECT SENTENCES, *Moral and Divine, consisting of Words not exceeding three Syllables.*

LESSON I.

A A Man of the brightest natural Genius may, by a shameful Indulgence of himself in Indolence and Ease, become the Object of Contempt and Ridicule; and not only prove an Incumbrance to his Friends, but be a Burden to himself.

B Beware of indulging yourselves in drinking of Liquors of any Kind that are too strong and heady; for Excess in this Particular will impair the Faculties of your Minds, waste your Substance, and ruin your Credit.

C Contentment is the most precious Jewel of human Life; and the best way to attain it is to give a Check to all fierce and unruly Passions, to be always on your Guard when too

E

closely

closely beset; to be resolute in resisting the Allurements of Sense, and bearing Injuries, when unjustly offered, without Resentment, or at least without a Thought of Revenge.

D Disdain not such, whose Fortunes are below your own; since they may possibly have a greater Share of Wisdom than yourself.

E Envious Persons lie under a double Misfortune; common Distresses and common Blessings fall heavy upon them. Nature gives them a Share in the first, and their Ill-nature in the latter; and having their own Trouble and the Happiness of their Neighbours to fret and perplex them, they need nothing more to fill up the Measure of their Misery.

F Fame and Time have swift Wings; the Difference between them is only this: The former goes forward, and the latter backward; Time must therefore be taken by the Forelock, for when once past 'tis never to be recalled.

LESSON II.

G Good Books are a Guide in Youth, and an Amusement for Men in Years; they support us under Solitude, and keep us from being a Burden to ourselves.

H He who would be ranked above the Vulgar,

gar, must raise his Thoughts and Actions above them. For it is in Life as in a Play, where it is not so much regarded who is Prince, or who is Beggar, as 'tis who acts the Prince and Beggar best

I Idleness is the greatest Profuseness; for it throws away that Time on which no due Value can be set.

K Knowledge, softened with Complaisance and good Breeding, will make a Man equally beloved and admired; but when joined with a severe and morose Temper, it makes a Man more feared than respected.

L Let no State of Life surprize you, and then you cannot be afflicted in any; a noble Spirit must not vary with his Fortune. He that is poor and needy may have Hopes, and he that is possessed of Thousands is not out of the Reach of Fears.

M Men who neglect God, neglect their own Safety, and are active to procure their own Ruin: They fly from their own Happiness, pursue their own Misery, and make Haste to be undone.

L E S S O N III.

N Never commend any Man to his Face, but rather speak in his Praise before others,

that they may have an adequate Idea of his Merit: On the other Hand, never dispraise any one behind his Back, but rather tell him in a friendly Manner of his Faults in private.

O One Reason why many Men want what they desire, is, because their Desires want Reason. He may do what he will that will do nothing but what he may.

P Put forth all your Strength in honouring of God, and obeying all his Commandments; for that Time that is prudently and zealously spent in the Service of the Supreme Being, shall end in, and be rewarded with an eternal State of Glory.

Q Quantity without Quality is but of little Worth.

R Regard your good Name as the richest Jewel you can possibly be possessed of; for Credit is like Fire, when once you have kindled it, you may easily preserve it; but if once you extinguish it, you will find it an arduous Task to kindle it again.

S Shame, Disgrace, and Disease, are the constant Attendants of Idleness; but Applause, Health and Riches, are for the most Part the Rewards of Industry.

LESSON IV.

7 The Rich, who exchange their Alms with the Poor for their Blessings, have no Cause to complain of a bad Bargain; for our Gifts cannot be worth their Prayers.

V Use your prosperous Fortune with so much Caution and Prudence as never to forget yourself, or despise those who are below you; and consider, whilst you enjoy a plentiful Estate, how small a Share of it you justly deserve.

W When Avarice governs, the Appetite is tied up, and Nature is put under Penance. For he that dares not enjoy any Thing, wants that which he has as well as that which he has not.

X *Xenophon*, hearing that his Son died bravely in Battle, was so far from being concerned at it, that he rejoiced, and thanked the Gods for sending him a Youth that was proud of dying for the Good of his Country.

Y You may pray against a violent and untimely Death; but ever expect, and wait with Patience for your latter End. Do your utmost to prepare for it, and when it comes, embrace it with a resigned Mind.

Z Zeal is a Fire very useful in its Kind; but when blind and misguided, is dangerous and destructive.

Of ABRAHAM, offering up his Son ISAAC ; a
Scripture History, consisting of Words not
exceeding three Syllables.



ABRAMHAM, of all the Patriarchs, was
the most righteous ; and GOD Almighty
indulged him so far, as to enter into a formal
Covenant with him. He commanded him to
depart from his own Country and his own
Kindred, and promised that he should be the
Father of a People, as numberless as the Sands
on the Sea-shore ; that he should possess the
Land of *Canaan* ; and, in a Word, that in
his Seed all the Nations of the Earth should
be blessed ; whereby he plainly declared, that
the

the Saviour of the World should, in Fullness of Time, become one of his Descendants. *Abraham* believed in, and relied on the Promises of GOD, who commanded him to be circumcised, as a Seal, or Token, of his Covenant with him: and GOD said unto him, *Sarah* thy Wife shall bear thee a Son, and thou shalt call his Name *Isaac*. The Promise was fulfilled pursuant to his Word, and the Lad grew in Favour with GOD and Men. GOD, however, for the Trial of *Abraham's* Faith, tempted him, and said unto him, Take now thy Son, thy only Son *Isaac*, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the Land of *Moriab*, and offer him up on one of the Mountains there for a Burnt Offering. But upon stretching forth his Arm, and taking his Knife, in order to slay his Son, the Angel of the Lord called unto him out of Heaven, and said, Lay not thy Hand upon the Lad, neither do thou any Thing unto him; for now I know that thou fearest GOD, seeing thou hast not withheld thy Son, thy only Son from him.

The

The APPLICATION.

From this little sacred Story we are taught to love GOD above all Things; to offer up to him all we hold most near and dear to us; and to submit at once, without Reluctance, to his divine Pleasure, tho' our Trials are never so severe. For he can extricate us out of them, if he thinks fit, in such a Way as we can never foresee, and make us ample Amends for all the Fatigues and Terrors we have undergone.

Select PROVERBIAL SENTENCES alphabetically digested, consisting of Words not exceeding three syllables.

A A Fault wilfully committed, scarce deserves any Forgiveness.

B By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

C Calumny and Conjecture too often injure even Innocence itself.

D Drunkenness turns a Man out of himself, and leaves a Beast in his Room.

E Envy is so shameful a Vice, that no one ever had the Confidence to own it.

F From our Ancestors came our Names, but our Honours from our Virtues.

G Gold.

G Gold is no Balm to a wounded Spirit.

H He dwells far from Neighbours, that is obliged to praise himself.

I Idleness is the Inlet to Misfortunes.

K Knowledge is a Treasure, but Practice is the Key to it.

L Learning makes a Man fit Company for himself.

M Many can bear Poverty, but few Contempt.

N No Man can be happy without a Friend; nor be sure of his Friend till he becomes unhappy.

O Obscene Words should have a deaf Ear : Want of Decency is Want of Sense.

P Poverty is an evil Counsellor, and too often prompts Men to do that of which they are ashamed, and for which, if discovered, they are justly punished.

Q Quick Wits are for the most Part conceited.

R Rebukes ought not to have one Grain of Salt in them more than of Sugar.

S Small Faults indulged are little Thieves that let in greater.

T The brightest of all Things, the Sun, hath its Spots.

V Vice

V Vice would be frightful, if it did not wear a Mask.

U Upbraiding turns a Benefit into Injury.

W Whatever is given to the Poor is laid out of the Reach of Fortune.

Y Your Self-admirers, are for the most Part very silly Fellows.

Z Zeal whenever it is a Virtue, is a very dangerous one.

Having thus run through a sufficient Number of Lessons, in *Words of one, two and three Syllables*, Children, we presume, will be able, without any Difficulty, to read the following little innocent Amusements, be the Number of the Syllables more or less.

The Description of a Good Boy, in familiar Verse.

THE Boy that is good will rise early each Day,

Then fall on his Knees and to God humbly pray;

His Hands and his Face in the next Place wash fair,

And brush his Apparel, and comb out his Hair,

Then

Then wishing good Morning to all in his View,
He'll bow to his Parents and bid them adieu.

Which done to the School straight himself he
betakes,

And plays not, nor loiters; but Haste thither
makes;

Bows low to each Person he meets as he goes,
At School to his Teacher like Reverence
shows;

Then hangs up his Hat, and repairs to his
Place,

With visible Tokens of Joy in his Face.

When sat down, he's not idle, but learns his
Book well,

And if he can't read, he endeavours to spell;
Whatever he's learning with Care doth pur-
sue;

Nor chatters, nor plays, nor regards those
that do.

But like a good Scholar doth aim to be wise,
By minding his Learning much more than his
Toys.

Gives Heed to his Teacher, makes Study his
Play,

And when he hath learn'd, he smiles and looks
gay.

On leaving the School, to his Teacher he
bows,

The same to his Parents on ent'ring the House;
To which he repairs without staying to play,
Saluting each Person he meets by the Way.

At Home he obeys all his Parents Commands,
(Except they're unlawful for those he with-
stands)

Speaks mildly to all, and when spoken to by
What Person soever, doth mildly reply.

If to play of his Parents he Leave doth ob-
tain,

From all Manner of Mischief and Sin he'll re-
frain;

Reproving and shunning the wicked and
rude,

He'll only accompany those that are good.

On Days of Devotion to Church he'll repair,
And behave himself decently whilst he is
there;

He'll attend unto all that the Preacher doth
say,

And carry the Heads of the Sermon away:
Each Evening before he betakes him to Rest,
He'll fall on his Knees, and devoutly request
Of God to protect him from Danger and Sin;
Repent, and beg Pardon for all Things, where-

in

By

By Thought, Word, or Deed, he transgress'd
the past Day ;
And Thanks for his manifold Mercies repay.

*A DESCRIPTION of a NAUGHTY BOY, by
Way of Tale.*

A Boy that once to School was sent,
On Play and Toys was so much bent,
That all his Master's Art, they say,
Could never make him say great A.
His Friends would cry, you are much to
blame,
Leave, naughty Boy, these Tricks, for Shame ;
Be not so dull, make it your Play,
To learn your Book ;—come say great A.
The Dunce then gap'd, but did no more ;
Great A was still a great Eye-Sore.
His Play-Mates jogg'd him ; sure, say they,
'Tis not so hard to say great A.
No, no ; but here's the Case, says he,
If I cry A, I must cry B,
And then go on to C and D.
And that won't do ; for still there's Jod
Lies in the Way, with X, Y, Zed ;
And so no End I find there'll be.
If I but once learn A, B, C,

Say what you will since Things stand so,
I ne'er will say my *Christ-Cross Row*.

Won't you, says one, that stood hard by;
I'll make you smart then, by and by,
A Plant there grows in yonder Wood,
That will not fail to do you Good:
That with a Jirk will clear your Sight,
And make you, tho' a Dunce, grow bright.

The Crab is fetch'd, he feels the Smart,
And says at once the whole by Heart.

The APPLICATION.

The Bird that can sing, and won't sing,
Must be made to sing.



The Story of the two SCHOLARS.

TWO Scholars in *Spain* going together from *Penafil* to *Salamanca*, and finding themselves weary and faint, stopped by the Side of a Fountain, which they came to in their Way. As they were resting themselves there, they, by Chance, spy'd a Stone, with some Words written upon it, almost effac'd by Time, and the Feet of the Flocks that came to drink at that Spring; they work'd the Dirt off the Stone, and when they could read the Words distinctly, they found this Inscription upon it :
The Soul of the Doctor Pedro Garcias is here
inclosed.

inclosed. The youngest of the Scholars, a brisk blunt Boy, had no sooner read the Inscription but he laugh'd, and cry'd, *the Soul here inclosed!*——— *A Soul inclosed! I would fain know the Author of such a foolish Epitaph.* His Companion, who had more Judgment, said to himself, there must be some Mystery in it, I'll stay and see whether I can find it out. Accordingly he let the other Scholar go before him, and when he was gone he pulled out his Knife, and dug up the Earth about the Stone, which at last he removed and found under it a Leathern Purse, which he opened: There were a Hundred Ducats in it, with a Card, whereon was written to this Effect; *Be thou my Heir, who hast Wit enough to find out the Meaning of this Inscription, and make a better Use of the Money than I did.* The Scholar was overjoyed at this Discovery, covered the Place with the Stone again, and proceeded to *Salamanca*, with the *Soul* of the *Doctor* in his Pocket.

This was a Reward for his Ingenuity, and Trouble in digging to find out the Meaning of the Inscription; in like Manner shall every Youth, sooner or later, be rewarded, who
 taketh

taketh Pains to read, and find out, the Meaning thereof.

The Story of the Little Red Riding-Hood.



ONCE upon a Time there lived in a certain Village, a little Country Girl, the prettiest Creature ever was seen. Her Mother was excessively fond of her; and her Grandmother doated on her much more. This good Woman got made for her a little Red Riding-Hood, which became the Girl so extremely well, that every body called her *Little Red Riding-Hood*.

One Day her Mother having made some Custards, said to her, *Go, my Dear, and see*

How thy Grand-Mamma does, for I hear she has been very ill; carry her a Custard and this little Pot of Butter. Little Red Riding-Hood sets out immediately to go to her Grandmother, who liv'd in another Village. As she was going through the Wood, she met with Gaffer *Wolf*, who had a very great Mind to eat her up, but he durst not, because of some Faggot-makers hard by in the Forest.

He ask'd her whither she was going: The poor Child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and hear a *Wolf* talk, said to him, *I am going to see my Grand-Mamma, and carry her a Custard and a little Pot of Butter, from my Mamma. Does she live far off?* said the *Wolf*. *Oh, ay,* answer'd Little Red Riding-Hood, *it is beyond that Mill you see there, at the first House in the Village.* Well, said the *Wolf*, *and I'll go and see her too; I'll go this Way, and you go that, and we shall see who shall be there soonest*

The *Wolf* began to run as fast as he could, taking the nearest Way; and the little Girl went by that farthest about, diverting herself in gathering Nuts, running after Butterflies, and making Nosegays of such little Flowers as she met with. The *Wolf* was not long before

fore he had got to the old Woman's House : He knocked at the Door, *tap, tap.* *Who's there? Your Grand-Child, Little Red Riding-Hood,* (replied the *Wolf*, counterfeiting her Voice) *who has brought you a Custard and a little Pot of Butter sent you by Mamma.*

The good Grandmother, who was in Bed, because she found herself somewhat ill, cried out, *Pull the Bobbin, and the Latch will go up.* The *Wolf* pull'd the Bobbin, and the Door open'd, and then presently he fell upon the good Woman, and eat her up in a Moment ; for it was above three Days that he had not touch'd a Bit. He then shut the Door, and went into the Grandmother's Bed, expecting *Little Red Riding-Hood*, who came some Time afterwards and knock'd at the Door, *tap, tap.* *Who's there? Little Red Riding-Hood* hearing the big Voice of the *Wolf*, was at first afraid ; but believing her Grandmother had got a Cold, and was hoarse, answer'd, *'Tis your Grand-Child, Little Red Riding-Hood, who has brought you a Custard, and a little Pot of Butter Mamma sends you.* The *Wolf* cried out to her, softening his Voice as much as he could, *Pull the Bobbin, and the Latch will go up.*

up. *Little Red Riding-Hood* pull'd the Bobbin, and the Door open'd.

The *Wolf* seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the Bed Cloaths, *Put the Custard and the little Pot of Butter upon the Stool, and come and lie down by me. Little Red Riding-Hood* undressed herself, and went into Bed; where, being greatly amaz'd to see how her Grandmother look'd in her Night-Cloaths, said to her, *Grand Mamma, what great Arms you have got! That is the better to hug thee my Dear. Grand-Mamma, what great Ears you have got! That is to hear the better my Child. Grand-Mamma, what great Eyes you have got! It is to see the better my Child. Grand-Mamma, what great Teeth you have got! That is to eat thee up:* And, saying these Words, the wicked *Wolf* fell upon the poor *Little Red Riding-Hood*, and eat her all up.

A remarkable

A remarkable STORY of a FATHER'S extraordinary Care and Contrivance to reclaim an extravagant SON.



THIS old Gentleman had a fair Seat about ten Leagues from the City of *Paris*, which had belong'd to his Family the Space of five hundred Years. His yearly Revenue was very large; and having only one Son, he gave him the Liberty of managing Half his Estate when he came to the Age of One and Twenty.

This young Spark being of a Spirit, was so far from harbouring any Thoughts of Frugality,

gality, that he could hardly brook the Necessity of living within the Compass of his Allowance. He addicted himself to gaming, drinking, and other lewd Courses, which in a short Time consum'd his Means, and reduced him to great Streights.

About the same Time his Father died, and left him the Remainder of his Estate, giving him all the Instructions that are usual in such Cases; and among the rest of his sage Counsels, he charged him, if it should be his Misfortune to become a Bankrupt again, so as to be forced to sell his Estate, that he would at least, not part with that House, which had been so long in the Possession of their Family; especially, he conjured him to reserve one particular Chamber for himself as long as he liv'd, which was the same where he lay a dying: "For this, said he, will be a Sanctuary for you, when you have no other Place of Refuge in the World."

After the old Man's Decease, his Son fell to his former Course of Life; and to make short of it, in a few Years spent all his Patrimony, even that very House itself, which he was forced at last to sell at an under Price, to supply his present Necessities. However he

he obeyed his Father's last Injunction, and in the Sale of the House made Articles for the perpetual Claim and Use of that Chamber to himself.

It was not long before he had consumed the Money which he had received for the House; so that now his last Support was gone. He try'd to borrow of some of his Friends and Acquaintance, and in Charity they supply'd him first with small Sums; but when he often press'd them, they grew weary of him, and denied to part with any more.

He pass'd away some Time in this dejected Condition, when at length he cast his Eyes on an old Trunk which stood in a Corner of the Chamber, and which he had scarce ever regarded before. An odd Curiosity prompted him to rise and look into this Trunk, perhaps not so much in Hopes of finding any Relief there, as to divert himself, and pass away the tedious Minutes. “ And
 “ yet it is natural for People in great Cala-
 “ mities and Misfortunes, to flatter them-
 “ selves with the Imagination of unexpected
 “ Relief, and to catch at every the least
 “ Glimpse or Shadow, that seems to preface
 “ any

" any Good." Be it how it will, he fell to rifling the Trunk, but found nothing there; save a Parcel of old Rags and Papers, with other Remnants and Fragments of Silk, Linen, and Velvet, the Reliques and Spoils of his Father's Wardrobe. This was no Booty for him: However he ceased not his Scrutiny, till he had quite emptied the Trunk; when, to his no small Astonishment, he found these Words on the Bottom: " Ah, Prodigal! " hast thou spent all, and sold thy House? " Now go and hang thyself. There is a Rope " ready provided for thee in the Beam of the " Chamber."

The young Gentleman looking to the Cieling, and seeing a Halter hang there, being fastened to an Iron Ring, was struck with such a Damp, that concluding it was the Will of Fate that he should fulfill the Words he found on the Bottom of the Trunk, he immediately took a Chair or Stool, and placing it under the Rope, got up and raised himself upon it, that he might the better reach the designed Instrument of Death.

He stood not long musing, for Life appear'd now unsupportable to him ; wherefore putting the Halter about his Neck, in the Height of Despair, he kick'd the Stool away: When, behold ! instead of hanging there, he fell down to the Ground, the weighty Swing of his Body having pulled out a Piece of square Timber from the Beam, being that Part to which the Ring was fastened. Immediately he was like to be overwhelm'd and bury'd in a great Heap of Gold, which came showering down upon him out of the hollow Place, which his Father had contriv'd on Purpose in the Beam, to put this kind Sarcaſm on his Son, now sufficiently mortify'd by ſo many Sorrows.

In a Word, this made ſo great an Impreſſion on him that he grew reform'd, bought all his Eſtate back again with Part of the Money, employed the reſt in Merchandizing, and grew to be a richer Man than his Father, or any of his Progenitors.

*The STORY of CINDERILLA; or, The Little
Glas Slipper.*



ONCE there was a Gentleman who married for his second Wife, the proudest and most haughty Woman that ever was seen. She had by a former Husband, two Daughters, but of her own Humour, who were indeed exactly like her in all Things. He had, likewise, by another Wife, a young Daughter of an unparallel'd Goodness and Sweetness of Temper, which she took from her Mother, who was the best Creature in the World.

No

No sooner were the Ceremonies of the Wedding over, but the Mother-in-Law began to shew herself in her Colours. She could not bear the good Qualities of this pretty Girl, and the less, because she made her own Daughters appear the more odious. She employed her in the meanest Work in the House; she scoured the Dishes, Tables, &c. and rubbed Madam's Chamber, and those of the Misses, her Daughters; she lay up in a sorry Garret, upon a wretched Straw Bed, while her Sisters lay in fine Rooms, with Floors all inlaid, upon Beds of the very newest Fashion, and where they had Looking-Glasses so large, that they might see themselves at their full Length from Head to Foot. The poor Girl bore all patiently and dared not to tell her Father, who would have rattled her off, for his Wife govern'd him entirely. When she had done her Work, she used to go into the Chimney-Corner, and sit down among the Cinders and Ashes, which made her commonly be call'd *Cinder-Breech*; but the youngest who was not so rude and uncivil as the eldest, called her *Cinderilla*. However, *Cinderilla*, notwithstanding her mean Apparel, was a hundred Times

hand.

handsomer than her Sisters, tho' they were always dressed very richly.

It happened that the King's Son gave a Ball, and invited all Persons of Fashion to it: Our young Misses were also invited; for they cut a very grand Figure among the Quality. They were mightily delighted at this Invitation, and wonderfully busy in chusing out such Gowns, Petticoats, and Headcloaths, as might best become them. This was a new Trouble to *Cinderilla*; for it was she who ironed her Sisters Linnen, and clear starch'd their Ruffles; they talked all Day long of nothing but how they should be dressed. "For my Part, said the eldest, I will wear my red Velvet Suit, with French Trimmings." And I, said the youngest, shall only have my usual Petticoat; but then to make Amends for that, I will put on my Gold-flowered Manteau, and my Diamond Stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the World." They sent for the best Tire-Woman they could get, to make up their Head Dresses, and adjust their double Pinners, and they had their red Brushes and Patches from *Mademoiselle De la Pochee*.

Cinderilla was likewise called up to them to be

be consulted in all those Matters, for she had excellent Notions, and advised them always for the best ; nay, and offered her Service to dress their Heads, which they were very willing she should do. As she was doing this, they said to her, “ *Cinderilla*, would you not be glad “ to go to the Ball ? ” Ah ! said she, you only jeer me ; it is not for such as I am to go to Balls. “ Thou art in the right of it, replied “ they, it would make the People laugh to “ see a *Cinder-Breech* at a Ball.” Any one but *Cinderilla* would have dressed their Heads awry ; but she was very good, and dressed them perfectly well. They were almost two Days without eating, so much they were transported with Joy, they broke a Dozen of Laces in trying to be laced up close, that they might have a fine slender Shape, and they were continually at their Looking-Glass. At last the happy Day came, they went to Court, and *Cinderilla* followed them with her Eyes as long as she could, and when she had lost Sight of them, she fell a crying.

Her Godmother, who saw her all in Tears, asked her, what was the Matter ? “ I wish “ I could——I wish I could,” she was not able to speak the Rest, being interrupted by

her Tears and sobbing. This Godmother of her's, who was a *Fairy*, said to her, "Thou wishest thou could'st go to the Ball, is it not so? Y—es, cry'd *Cinderilla*, with a great Sigh. "Well, said her Godmother, be but a good Girl, and I will contrive that thou shalt go." Then she took her into the Chamber, and said to her "Run into the Garden, and bring me a Pompion." *Cinderilla* went immediately to gather the finest she could get, and brought it to her Godmother, but was not able to imagine how this Pompion could make her go to the Ball. Her Godmother scooped out all the Inside of it, leaving nothing but the Rind; which done, she struck it with her Wand, and the Pompion was instantly turned into a fine Coach, gilded all over with Gold.

She then went to look into her Mouse-Trap, where she found six Mice all alive, and ordered *Cinderilla* to lift up a little the Trap-Door, when giving each Mouse as it went out, a little Tap with her Wand, the Mice were that Moment turn'd into fair Horses, which altogether, made a very fine Set of six Horses of a beautiful Mouse coloured Dapple-grey. Being at a Loss for a Coachman. "I will go and
" see

Rat

“ see, says *Cinderilla*, if there be ever a Rat
“ in the Rat-Trap, we may make a Coach-
“ man of him.” “ Thou art in the Right,
“ reply’d her Grandmother, go and look.”
Cinderilla brought the Trap to her, and in it
there were three huge Rats. The *Fairy* made
Choice of one of the three, which had the
largest Beard, and having touched him with
her Wand, he was turned into a fat jolly
Coachman, who had the smartest Whiskers
Eyes ever beheld.

After that, she said to her, “ Go again into
“ the Garden, and you will find six Lizards
“ behind the Watering Pot, bring them to
“ me.” She had no sooner done it, than her
Godmother turned them into six Footmen,
who skipped up immediately behind the Coach,
with their Liveries all bedaubed with Gold and
Silver, and clung as close behind each other,
as if they had done nothing else all their whole
Lives. The *Fairy* then said to *Cinderilla*,
“ Well you see here an Equipage fit to go to
“ the Ball with; are you not pleased with it.
“ O! yes, cry’d she; but must I go thither
“ as I am, in these poisoned nasty Rags!” Her
Godmother only just touched her with her
Wand, and at the same Instant her Cloaths
were

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were turned into Cloth of Gold and Silver, all beset with Jewels. This done, she gave her a Pair of Glass Slippers, the prettiest in the whole World.

Being thus decked out, she got up into her Coach; but her Godmother above all Things, commanded her not to stay till after Midnight, telling her at the same Time, "that if she
" stayed at the Ball one Moment longer, her
" Coach would be a Pompion again, her
" Horses Mice, her Coachman a Rat, her
" Footmen Lizards, and her Cloaths become
" just as they were before."

She promised her Godmother, "she would
" not fail of leaving the Ball before Mid-
" night;" and then away she drives, scarce able to contain herself for Joy. The King's Son, who was told that a great Princess, whom no body knew, was come, ran out to receive her; he gave her his Hand as she alighted out of the Coach, and led her into the Room among all the Company. There was immediately a profound Silence; they left off Dancing, and the Violins ceased to play, so attentive was every one to contemplate the singular Beauties of this unknown New-comer. Nothing was then heard but confus'd Noise of
" Ha !

“ Ha! how handsome she is! how handsome she is.” The King himself, old as he was, could not help ogling her, and telling the Queen softly, “ That it was a long Time “ since he had seen so beautiful and lovely a “ Creature.” All the Ladies were busy in considering her Cloaths and Head-Dress, that they might have some made next Day after the same Pattern, provided they could meet with such fine Materials, and as able Hands to make them.

The King's Son conducted her to the most honourable Seat, and afterwards took her out to dance with him : She danced so very gracefully, that they all more and more admired her. A fine Collation was served up, whereof the young Prince eat not a Morfel, so intently was he busied in gazing on her. She went and sat down by her Sisters, shewing them a thousand Civilities, giving them a Part of the Oranges and Citrons which the Prince had presented her with ; which very much surpris'd them, for they did not know her. While *Cinderilla* was thus amusing her Sisters, she heard the Clock strike Eleven and three Quarters ; whereupon she immediately made a
Curtesy

Curtesy to the Company and hasted away as fast as she could.

Being got home, she ran to seek out her Godmother, and after having thank'd her, she said, " She could not but heartily wish she might go next Day to the Ball, because the King's Son had desired her." As she was eagerly telling her Godmother whatever had passed at the Ball, her two Sisters knock'd at the Door, which *Cinderilla* ran and opened, " How long you have stayed," cried she, gaping, rubbing her Eyes, and stretching herself, as if she had been just awaked out of her Sleep: She had not, however, any Manner of Inclination to sleep since they went from Home. " If thou had'st been at the Ball, says one of her Sisters, thou would'st not have been tired with it; there came thither the finest Princess, the most beautiful ever seen with mortal Eyes; she shewed us a thousand Civilities, and gave us Oranges and Citrons." *Cinderilla* seemed very indifferent in the Matter; indeed she asked them the Name of that Princess; but they told her, " They did not know it; and that the King's Son was very uneasy on her Account, and would give all the World to know where she

“ she was.” At this *Cinderilla*, smiling reply’d,
 “ She must then be very beautiful indeed :
 “ Lord ! how happy have you been ! could
 “ not I see her ? Ah ! dear Miss *Charlotte*,
 “ do lend me your Yellow Suit of Cloaths
 “ which you wear every Day.” “ Ay, to be
 “ sure ! cry’d Miss *Charlotte*, lend my Cloaths
 “ to such a dirty Cinder-Breech as thou art ,
 “ who’s the Fool then ?” *Cinderilla*, indeed,
 expected some such Answer, and was very glad
 of the Refusal ; for she would have been sadly
 put to it, if her Sister had lent her in earnest
 what she ask’d for jestingly.

The next Day the two Sisters were at the
 Ball, and so was *Cinderilla*, but dressed more
 magnificently than before. The King’s Son
 was always by her, and never ceased his Com-
 pliments and amorous Speeches to her ; to
 whom all this was so far from being tiresome,
 that she quite forgot what her Godmother had
 recommended to her ; so that she at last
 counted the Clock striking Twelve, when she
 took it to be no more than Eleven ; she then
 rose up and fled as nimble as a Deer. The
 Prince followed, but could not overtake her.
 She left behind one of her Glass Slippers,
 which the Prince took up most carefully. She

got Home, but quite out of Breath, without Coach or Footmen, and in her nasty old Cloaths, having nothing left her of all her Finery, but one of the little Slippers, Fellow to that she dropped. The Guards at the Palace Gate were ask'd, " If they had not seen " a Princess go out?" who said, " They had " seen no-body go out, but a young Girl, " very meanly dress'd, and who had more the " Air of a poor Country Wench, than a Gentlewoman."

When the two Sisters returned from the Ball, *Cinderilla* asked them, " If they had " been well diverted, and if the fine Lady had " been there?" They told her, " Yes, but " that she hurried away immediately when it " struck Twelve, and with so much Haste, " that she dropped one of her little Glass " Slippers, the prettiest in the World, and " which the King's Son had taken up; that " he had done nothing but look at her all the " Time of the Ball, and that most certainly " he was very much in love with the beautiful Person who owned the little Slipper."

What they said was very true, for a few Days after, the King's Son caused it to be proclaimed by Sound of Trumpet, that he would marry

The Story of REYNARD the FOX.

IN that delightful Season of the Year when the Country is every where adorned with a Verdure no Words can describe, the Lion, the Sovereign of all Beasts, made a Royal Entertainment, with a general Invitation to all Beasts of the Forest, to come and pay their Obedience at Court. Accordingly there came *Bruin* the Bear, *Isgrim* the Wolf, *Curtis* the Hound, *Tybert* the Cat, *Keyward* the Hare, *Bellin* the Ram, *Grimbar* the Brock, and a great Multitude besides. *Rynard* the Fox alone, who had committed many enormous Crimes, absented himself from Court.

H z

Bruin

Bruin was the first who brought in his Accusation against him in these Words: Most gracious Sovereign, this same *Reynard* came forcibly into my House one Day, and finding my Cubs a-bed, he pissed upon them so plentifully, that with the Sharpness of his Urine they are blind to this Hour. This Accusation was succeeded by another from *Isgrim* the Wolf, who spoke in the following Manner: May it please your Majesty, as *Reynard* and I were upon a certain Day in the Field, we saw at some Distance a Mare and her Foal by her Side; I took a Fancy to the Foal, and sent *Reynard* to enquire what the Mare would have for it. *Reynard* returned, and told me the Price was mark'd on the Mare's hind Foot; for my Part, says *Reynard*, I can't read, and therefore for your own Satisfaction I would advise you to go yourself. Accordingly I went to the Mare, and requesting her to let me see the Price, the Moment I took hold of her Foot she stunn'd me with a Blow that almost dash'd my Brains out. A Variety of Complaints besides were made against poor *Reynard*. Upon which his Majesty dispatched away *Bruin* the Bear to the Criminal, commanding him to come to Court, and there answer to the several

veral Charges made against him. *Bruin* hastened from the Royal Presence, and went directly to *Reynard*, who made no Words, but promised to go with him immediately before his Majesty. As they went together, *Reynard* saw a large Tree in a Yard belonging to a Carpenter, which Tree was almost cloven by a Wedge, and the Wedge still sticking in it. Upon this says *Reynard* to *Bruin*, my dear Uncle, I think I have heard you say you love Honey; now I do assure you, you never tasted such Honey in your Life as there is in the Opening of that Tree. To the Tree they both went, and while *Bruin* was putting his Head into the Opening of the Tree to see for the Honey, ~~Reynard~~ pulled out the Wedge; upon which the Tree closed upon his Head, and there held him till the Carpenter came, who beat him as long as he could stand over him, *Reynard* all the while laughing and running away. *Bruin* soon after being released by the Carpenter, came before the Lion all bloody as he was, and related how *Reynard* had served him. His Majesty upon this sent *Tybert* the Cat to require his Attendance. *Reynard* seeing the Cat come towards him, O Cousin, says he, how happy am I that you are come,

because I have a Dinner that I believe you will like, it is a Dish of Mice; but I must go as far as the Parson's Barn for it, and, Cousin, you had as good go with me. *Tybert* hearing of Mice, did not want much pressing to go. Being arrived at the Barn, Here, says *Reynard*, you see are two Holes, go you in at that, and I'll go in at this. Now at the Hole the Cat was to go in, there was a Trap set, this the Fox knew very well; and so poor Puss, the Moment she went in, was catch'd in the Trap by the Neck, and was almost choak'd before she could get out again.

'This being reported at Court, his Majesty sent *Bellin* the Ram, together with *Keyward* the Hare, giving them a Caution to beware of his Roguery, and bring him to Court by Force. *Reynard* spying them a good Way off, came to meet them; Gentlemen, says he, I'm glad to see you; I suppose you came from his Majesty; I have just finished a Letter to him; and I hope you will do me the Favour to carry it. If *Keyward* will be so good as just to step in and direct it properly, I should be greatly obliged to him. *Keyward* said he was very ready to oblige him in any Thing, and went in with him, while *Bellin* stood at the

the Door. As soon as ever they were got in, *Reynard* twisted off the Head of the poor Hare, which he clapp'd into a little Bag. Then coming back to *Bellin* the Ram, he hung it round his Neck, telling him that in that Bag was a Letter to his Majesty, and that *Keyward* desired him to go on, and he would overtake him soon. *Bellin* suspecting no Harm, went on, while *Reynard* made an excellent Dinner upon the Hare. But when *Bellin* came to give the Letter to his Majesty, there appeared the Head of poor *Keyward*.

The Lion enraged at these Proceedings, was just going to send a Regiment of Beasts to fetch *Reynard*, when all on a sudden, to the Astonishment of the Courtiers, he came to the Palace of his own Accord. The Company one and all cry'd out violently against him. The Wolf shewed the cruel Marks of the Mare's Foot; *Bruin* his bloody Face; *Tybert* a black Circle about her Neck, which she got when she was just ready to be strangled; and at last the Head of the unhappy Hare was produced as a Testimony against him. *Reynard* vowed he was innocent of all these Crimes, and begged he might be indulged the Privilege of speaking in his own Defence. This
was

was granted him and he proceeded thus;
 " As to the Wolf I barely told him what the
 " Mare told me, and if he was such a Sim-
 " pleton, as to believe her, who can help
 " that? And as for my Uncle *Bruin*, truly he
 " let his Mind run upon Honey, when he
 " should have been doing the King's Bu-
 " siness, and therefore suffered very deser-
 " vedly. The very same Thing may be said
 " of *Tybert*. As to the Misfortune of poor
 " *Keyward*, who lost his Head, *Bellin* must
 " certainly have committed that Murder him-
 " self, and would fain lay it on me. But I
 " deny it entirely, and whosoever says I did
 " it, I defy him to a single Combat with me."
 The Wolf immediately accepted the Chal-
 lenge, and the King giving his Consent, they
 made a Ring for the Champions. *Reynard* be-
 gan now to be afraid, and bethought himself
 of the following Trick; he pissed upon his
 Tail, and rubbing it all over in the Dust, he
 whisked it several Times in the Wolf's Eyes
 which made them smart so horribly that he
 roared out for Quarter, and *Reynard* was de-
 clared Conqueror, and thus came off with
 flying Colours. But the Lion charged him to
 be more cautious of his Behaviour for the fu-
 ture,

ture, for if any Complaints were brought before him again, he would certainly give Orders for him to be hanged.

The STORY of FORTUNATUS.



THE Island of *Cyprus* has long been renowned for many Things, and particularly for giving Birth to *Fortunatus*. He was the Son of a wealthy Merchant, but the Family by living too freely, were at Length reduced. The young Man imagining himself to be now but an Incumbrance to his Father, determined with himself to leave his Home and seek his Fortune. He had not travelled long

long before he lost his Way in a Wood; Night came on, and he could not tell what to do. At Midnight the wild Beasts began to howl and roar about him, and for his Security he was forced to get up into a Tree. At the Dawn of the Day a Bear made towards him, and was mounting up the Tree; but *Fortunatus* made so gallant a Defence with his Sword, that he cut off one of the Bear's Paws, so that it was impossible for him to keep his Hold, and down he fell: But though *Fortunatus* rejoiced at the Success of his Adventure, new Sorrows came now upon him; for though it was Day light, and he travelled on in tolerable Safety, yet Hunger and Weariness overtook him.

But all of a sudden a Lady, with a Bandage upon her Eyes, met him and accosted him; she held in her Hand a Purse, and offering it to him, told him her Name was *Fortune*, and this Purse, says she, which I give you, will never be empty; as often as you thrust your Hand into it, you will be able to take out a Handful of Gold and Silver. He thank'd her, and was doubtless extremely glad of this most noble Present.

Getting

Getting into the High Road, he came to a great City, where he bought himself fine Cloaths, Horses and Servants, and lived like a Prince; for he never put his Hand into his Purse, but he always found Money enough to pay for what he wanted. He now took a Fancy to travel over the World. To this End he furnished himself with every Thing proper for that Purpose in the most splendid Manner imaginable, and thus went to all the Princes Courts in Europe. He came at last to the Court of the *Grand Turk* at *Constantinople*, who paid him great Respect, and shewed him the Rarities of his Palace, which abounded with Diamonds and rich Things of all Sorts. Last of all he drew him into a Room, and said he could now shew him the greatest Curiosity in the World; Where is it? said *Fortunatus*; for my Part I see nothing here but an old Hat. That is the very Thing, said the *Grand Turk*. This, continued he, is a Wishing-hat, and I no sooner clap it on, but I am conveyed in a Trice wherever I desire, let the Distance be what it will, over Hills, Vallies, Rivers or Oceans. *Fortunatus* was surprized at the Account of this Hat, Lord! thinks he to himself, could I but get that Hat to my Purse, what Man alive would

would be so happy as I? Pray, said *Fortunatus*, is not this same Hat heavier than ordinary Hats? No, said the *Grand Turk*, put it upon your Head and try. *Fortunatus* put it on, and presently wished himself at Home in his own Country, and in a Moment flew out of the Window, and left the *Grand Turk* in the utmost Rage.

Who was then so happy as *Fortunatus*? If he wanted Money, it was only putting his Hand into his Purse, and he always found enough for his Purpose: If he wanted to be conveyed any where, it was only clapping on his Wishing-hat, and he was instantly there.

He now heard that the King of *England* had a beautiful Daughter, and he determined to see her; so putting on his Hat he wished himself at *London*, and presently found himself there. He went to Court, and his Cloaths, which were all embroidered with Gold and Diamonds, were the Admiration of all the Ladies, and what added to their Astonishment was, that he appeared every Day in a different Dress, but all equally fine. He soon found an Opportunity to declare his Love to the King's Daughter. She told him she would re-
turn

turn his Love if he would tell her how he came by his great Riches. He could not deny her, and told her the Secret of his Purse. She then promised to admit him the following Night into her Chamber; but in the mean Time she had procured a Purse to be made perfectly like his, and contrived a sleepy Potion, which she mixed with the Wine he drank with her, which caused him to fall fast asleep. During this Sleep she changed Purfes with him. *Fortunatus* waking, was ignorant of all that happened; but taking his Leave, and wanting to make the Servants a handsome Present, he put his Hand into his Purse, but was terribly disappointed, for he found nothing in it. Suspecting what had been done, he catched the Princess in his Arms, and wished himself in some solitary Wilderness, with her alone, which immediately came to pass. The Lady was sadly terify'd and faint, both with her Journey and with the Horror of the Wilderness; but looking up, and seeing some Fruit on a Tree, she begged of him to climb up and get her some. He, willing to oblige her, got up into the Tree, but left his Hat upon her Head. As she sat musing, Oh! says she, that I was but once more at Home with my dear Father!

The very Instant she spoke this she was gone, and left poor *Fortunatus* deprived of both Hat and Purse.

Fortunatus descending from the Tree, knew not what he should do. He sat down very pensive and melancholy; at length beginning to eat one of the Apples the Princess had desired him to gather, he found a Pair of great Horns sprouting from his Head; but an old Hermit meeting him, informed him, that if he would only eat some Apples of another Tree, which grew near the Place, his Horns would drop off. He did so, and it fell out as the Hermit said. A sudden Thought now came into his Head, that he would carry some of both these Sorts of Apples to Court, and so manage Matters that one of them should be left in the Chamber of the King's Daughter. This Plot he executed with Success; and when the Princess entered her Apartment, and beheld a very fine Apple lying on the Table, she took and eat it; and immediately a Pair of great Horns sprung from her Forehead. Help and Advice was sent for from every Quarter, but no Physician was found able to remove these Horns. *Fortunatus* now thought it was high Time to play
his

his Game, and personating a Physician, undertook the Cure of the Princess's strange Disorder. The first Thing he cast his Eyes upon, after entering the Princess's Chamber, was his old Wishing-hat; it hung there disregarded, for not a Creature dream't of the Virtues of it. Now, thinks he, could I but be equally satisfied that she had the Purse about her, I should know how to proceed. In order to try whether she had or no, he acquainted her that his Fee came to a thousand Pounds. She was contented to give it him: He then pulled out of his Pocket an Apple of the Tree the Hermit had shewed him, and bid her eat it; which she had no sooner done, but her Horns dropped off. Rejoiced at the Doctor's Success, she took out the Purse to satisfy his Demands; but *Fortunatus* espying his Purse, clapped on the Hat, and clasping her in his Arms, wished himself at Home with her in the Island of *Cyprus*; where, when they arrived, he reproached her for her deceitful Usage, and put her into a Nunnery to spend the Residue of her Days. After this he began to think what Vexation and Trouble he had undergone by Means of his Hat and Purse, and being thoroughly persuaded

in his own Mind, that Riches were a Burden, and that enjoying our Wisheſ is often the Cauſe of much Miſery, he reſolutely took both Hat and Purſe and flung them into the Fire, which ſoon conſumed them. And ever after this he lived a quiet, happy and contented Life.



The History of JOSEPH and his Brethren.

OF all the twelve Sons of *Jacob* the Patriarch, *Jo'eph* was by far the most well-favoured and the best beloved. The great Affection of his Father to him, raised the Jealousy and Resentment of his Brethren, And what added to their Hatred, was, that *Joseph* dreamed two extraordinary Dreams. The first was, that as he and his Brethren were binding their Sheaves in the Field together, his Sheaf stood upright, while the

others seemed bending and making their Obeisance to it. The Second was, that the Sun, Moon, and heavenly Bodies seemed to pay a Kind of Reverence to him. This they looked upon as a Sign of his future Greatness, and therefore they determined to hinder it; and in short to destroy him at once. To this End they took their Opportunity, when they were in the Field, and stripping him of his Cloaths, let him down into a Pit, with an Intent to leave him there to perish; but presently altering their Minds, they drew him up again, and sold him to some travelling *Ishmaelitish* Merchants for twenty Pieces of Silver, who again sold him to *Potiphar*, the Captain of *Pharaoh's* Guards.

But what must they do about their Father, what Story must they contrive to tell him? Why truly they killed a Kid, and besmearing *Joseph's* Coat with the Blood, they brought it to *Jacob*, and told him they suspected some wild Beast had devoured him. Great was the Grief of the good old Man upon this Occasion, and he refused all Comfort.

We must now look back to *Potiphar*, who seeing that every Thing prospered in *Joseph's* Hand, made him Steward of all his Household; but *Joseph* being very handsome, his Mistress grew suddenly in Love with him, and would have drawn him to her Embraces; but *Joseph* had too much Virtue to listen to her. This Slight to her Beauty made her angry with him, and she accused him to her Husband of having made an Attempt upon her Honour. Upon this, *Potiphar* not examining nicely into the Matter, cast him into Prison.

Now among other Gifts and Graces, with which God had endowed *Joseph*, that of interpreting Dreams was one. It so happened that *Pharao* himself dreamed two Dreams; the first was, that seven fat Kine came forth out of a River, and seven lean Kine came forth after and devoured the fat ones. The second was, that seven full Ears of Corn sprung up on the Stalk, and seven thin Ears came up after them, and devoured them. Now no Body was found that could give an Interpretation to these strange Dreams till *Joseph* was thought upon and sent for, who having the Dreams repeated to him,
gave

gave this Construction : That the seven fat Kine, and the seven full Ears, portended seven Years of great Plenty ; and that the seven lean Kine, and the seven thin Ears denoted seven Years of extreme Famine. Then *Joseph* humbly offered the following Advice to the King, that in the Years of Plenty he should lay up great Quantities of Corn, and so bring Money into his Treasury, by selling it to the People during the Famine. This Advice was pursued, and every Thing came to pass according to *Joseph's* Prediction. For this meritorious Piece of Service, *Pharao* advanced *Joseph* to be Governor over his Household, and the next in Dignity to himself throughout all *Egypt*.

The Famine reaching the Land of *Canaan*, where *Jacob* lived, he sent his Sons down to buy Corn ; and they came and stood before *Joseph*, who knew them perfectly well, though they had forgot him. At first he made himself strange to them, and treated them something roughly, asking them in a stern Manner, who they were ? And they told him plainly that they were twelve Brethren, the youngest of whom was with their Father, and the other (meaning
Joseph

Joseph himself) was dead. *Joseph* in Answer called them Spies, and told them they should not go from thence unless that same younger Brother was fetched. Let one of you therefore, says *Joseph*, go and fetch him hither, that it may appear whether there is any Truth in you, whilst the rest remain in Prison. But in a few Days *Joseph* softened this Sentence, and only detained *Simeon* with him, and sent the rest back to the Land of *Canaan*, to fetch *Benjamin* their youngest Brother: But first he ordered that their Sacks should be filled with Corn, and that every Man's Money should be put in the Mouth of the Sack. And when they came to the Inn they were astonished to find every Man's Money in his Sack's Mouth. Well, they proceeded on their Journey till they came to *Jacob* their Father. They then related particularly what had happened to them, how the Lord of the Land spoke roughly unto them, how he took them for Spies, how he had detained *Simeon* with him, and had commanded them to bring *Benjamin* thither. The good aged Father was very unwilling to send *Benjamin*, but at length was prevailed on, and he bid them

them take double Money with them, for fear of the worst; and likewise a handsome Present besides, such as the Country of *Canaan* afforded. With these the Brethren sat out for the Land of *Egypt*; where being arrived, they presented themselves and young *Benjamin* before *Joseph*, whose Bowels did yern upon this innocent Brother. And at Length his Heart relented towards them all, and he made himself known unto them. After some tender Questions and Tears on both Sides, he ordered them to return to his Father, and to tell him of all his Glory, and to bring him and his whole Household to *Egypt*. The joyful Father obeyed the kind Summons, and came down to *Egypt*, where *Joseph* settled them in a certain Part of the Land called *Goshen*, the most fruitful and pleasant Spot of Ground in all the Country.

The Husbandman and his Sons, a FABLE.

A Certain Husbandman lying at the Point of Death, and being desirous that his Sons should continue in the Farming Business, made Use of this Expedient to induce them

them to it. He called them to his Bed-side, and spoke to this Effect: All the Patrimony I have to bequeath to you, my Sons, is my Farm and my Vineyard, of which I make you Joint-Heirs. But I charge you not to let it go out of your own Occupation; for if I have any Treasure besides, it lies buried somewhere in the Ground, within a Foot of the Surface. This made the Sons conclude that he talked of Money which he had hid there: So after their Father's Death they carefully dug up every Inch both of the Farm and Vineyard. From whence it came to pass, that though they missed of the Treasure which they expected, the Ground, by being so well stirred and loosened, produced a most plentiful Crop, which was no inconsiderable one. This verifies the old sacred Maxim, *The diligent Hand maketh rich. Arise, therefore, thou Sluggard; go to the Ant, consider her Ways and be wise.* Solomon.

MERCURY *and the* WOODMAN, a FABLE.

A Man was felling a Tree on the Bank of a River, and by Chance let his Hatchet slip out of his Hand, which dropped into the Water

Water, and immediately sunk to the Bottom. Being in great Distress for the Loss of it he sat down and bemoaned his Misfortune. Upon this *Mercury* appeared to him, and being informed of the Cause of his Complaint, dived to the Bottom of the River, and coming up again, shewed the Man a golden Hatchet, and asked if that was his? To which he honestly answered, no. Upon this *Mercury* div'd a second Time, and brought up a Silver one. The Man refused it, alledging likewise that it was not his. He then div'd a third Time, and brought up the very Hatchet the Man had lost; upon Sight of which the poor Wretch was overjoyed, and took it with all Humility and Thankfulness. *Mercury* was so pleased with the Fellow's Honesty, that he gave him the other two into the Bargain, as a Reward for his just dealing. The Man goes to his Companions, and giving them an Account of what had happened, one of them went presently to the River's Side, and let his Hatchet fall into the Stream. Then sitting down upon the Bank he fell a weeping, as if he had been sorely afflicted. *Mercury* appeared as before, div'd into the River, and brought up a golden Hatchet, and asked him if that was his. Transported at
the

the Sight of the precious Metal, he answered yes; and went to snatch it greedily. But the God detesting his abominable impudence, not only refused to give him that, but would not so much as let him have his own again.

This verifies the old Proverb,

That Honesty's the best Policy

The Effect of GOOD NATURE, a Fairy-Tale.



THERE was in my Country a Widow, who had two Daughters, the eldest was just like her Mother, cross, surly, and proud; but the youngest (a beautiful Girl) was all Meekness, Complaisance, and Good-nature, As people, however, are generally fond of their own Likeness, the Mother despised this

pretty young Creature, and obliged her to drudge in the Kitchen, whilst her Favourite, the eldest, sat prim'd up in the Parlour, and was indulged in every Thing.

As this little Girl was obliged to do all the Household Work, 'twas her Business, among other Things to go twice every Day to a Well near two Miles from the House, to draw Water. One Day, just as she was going to fill her Pitcher, there came to her a poor Woman, and begged that she would let her drink. *O ay, Goody, with all my Heart,* says she, and accordingly rinsed her Pitcher, took some of the clearest Water, and held it up to her Mouth, that she might drink with the more Ease; and after the Pitcher was returned, dropped her a fine Curtely, (notwithstanding she was such a poor ragged Woman) and asked if she would please to have any more? *No, I thank, you my pretty Dear,* said the Woman; *but since you are so good-natured, and behave with such good Manners, I can't help bestowing a Blessing upon you; and from henceforth, whenever you speak, there shall come out of your Mouth either a Flower, a Jewel, or a Piece of Gold.* (For you must know this was a Fairy all the while, who had only taken the Form of a poor Country Woman, to see how this little Girl would behave.)

When she came Home, her Mother began to scold at her for staying so long. *Where have you been all this Time, Hussy?* says she. *Dear Mama,* says the Girl, *I beg your Pardon for staying so long,* (for she never told a Lie but I met with— and was going on with the Story, when instantly flew out of her Mouth two Roses, two Pinks, two Pearls, two Diamonds, and three Pieces of Gold. *Bless me,* says her Mother, quite astonished, *what do I see! Roses, and Pinks, and Pearls, and Diamonds, and Gold, come out of the Girl's Mouth. How happens this Child?* The pretty Creature told her Mother the whole Story, during which Time there dropped from her Mouth such a vast Variety of Flowers, Pieces of Gold, and precious Stones, that the House was strewed from one End to the other. *Bless my Eyes,* cried the Mother, *I must send my Child thither; Fanny, come hither and see what drops from your Sister's Mouth when she speaks. Take the Pitcher, and go you for some Water, my Dear, and obtain the same Blessing. Yes, I'll warrant ye,* (says the ill bred Minx) *it would be a fine Sight indeed to see me draw Water. You shall go Hussy,* said the Mother, *and this Minute.* So away she went, but grumbled and growl'd all the Way; and instead of the Pitcher, took the best Silver Tankard in the House.

As soon as she arrived at the Fountain, there came out of the Wood just by, a Lady dressed in the most splendid Manner, and asked Leave to drink (This was, you must know, the same Fairy, who had now taken the Air and Dress of a Princess, to see how far the Girl's Pride and Ill-nature would carry her.) *Am I come hither, quoth the saucy Slut, to serve you with Water? Pray what do you take me for a Waiting-Maid! I did not bring the Silver Tankard here for your Ladyship as I know of: But however you may drink if you will.*

You are not over and above mannerly, reply'd the Fairy, without putting herself in a Passion; *and since you are surly and disobliging, whenever you speak a Word hereafter, a Snake or a Toad shall fly out of your Mouth.* As soon as the Mother saw her coming Home, she cried out, *Well Daughter! Well Mother!* answered the pert Hussy, and out of her Mouth leap'd two Vipers and a Toad. *O Mercy!* cried the Mother, *what do I see! All this is occasioned by the Witch her Sister, but she shall pay for it;* and immediately ran to beat her, but the poor Child fled away, and hid herself in a Forest that was in the Neighbourhood.

The King's Son being on his Return from Hunting, accidentally cast his Eye on this fair Virgin, and being enchanted with her graceful

Features, asked her what she did there alone, and why she cried? she told him what had happened, and said her Mamma's Rage was so great, she was afraid to return Home. The young Prince seeing so many brilliant Diamonds drop from her Mouth, which were equalled in Brightness by nothing but her Eyes, promised her his Royal Protection; conducted her to his Father's Court, and having obtained his Permission, married her the next Day, and built for her a stately Palace, the Front of which was overlaid with pure Gold, the Floors paved with Pearls, and the Cielings and Walls bedecked with the richest Diamonds. The Turf in her Garden bears a continual Verdure, the most delicious Fruits bow down their labouring Branches to salute the enchanted Eye, and the odoriferous never fading Flowers pay an eternal Tribute to her Virtue and Good-nature. In this State of Happiness she suffers none to approach her, but those who are esteemed for their Piety, Virtue, and good Manners; and Persons of every State and Condition that come thus recommended, are admitted. She is blessed with a numerous Offspring, who all inherit her amiable Virtues, and every Thing prospers in her House and in the State. The Prince her Husband thinks himself blessed

above all Men in the World, and she is the happiest Woman upon Earth.

But how different from this was the Fate of her Sister! She, by her Pride and Ill-nature, at last rendered herself disagreeable even to her own Mother, who being unable to bear with her intolerable Temper, turned her off: And seeing herself thus despised and hated by all Mankind, she retired into a Wood to avoid being seen, and was there torn in Pieces by a Wolf.

The Story of INKLE and YARICO.



MR. *Thomas Inkle* of *London*, aged twenty Years, embarked in the *Downs* in the good Ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the

West Indies, on the 16th of *June*, 1674, in order to improve his Fortune, by Trade and Merchandize. Our Adventurer was the third Son of an eminent Citizen, who had taken particular Care to instill into his Mind an early Love of Gain, by making him a perfect Master of Numbers, and consequently giving him a quick View of Loss and Advantage, and preventing the natural Impulses of his Passions, by Prepossessions towards his Interest. With a Mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a Person every Way agreeable, a ruddy Vigour in his Countenance, Strength in his Limbs, with Ringlets of fair Hair loosely flowing on his Shoulders. It happened in the Course of the Voyage, that the *Achilles*, in some Distress, put into a Creek on the Main of *America*, in Search of Provisions. The Youth, who is the Hero of my Story, among others, went ashore on this Occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a Party of *Indians*, who hid themselves in the Woods for that Purpose. The *English*, unadvisedly, marched a great Distance from the Shore into the Country, and were intercepted by the Natives, who slew the greatest Number of them. Our Adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a Forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless Part of the Wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless,

on a little Hillock, when an *Indian* Maid rushed from a Thicket behind him. After the first Surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly charmed with the Limbs, Features, and wild Graces of the naked *American*; the *American* was no less taken with the Dress, Complexion, and Shape of an *European*, covered from Head to Foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured for him, and consequently solicitous for his Preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a Cave, where she gave him a delicious Repast of Fruit, and led him to a Stream to slake his Thirst. In the Midst of these good Offices, she would sometimes play with his Hair, and delight in the Opposition of its Colour to that of her Fingers: Then opening his Bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a Person of Distinction, for she every Day came to him in a different Dress of the most beautiful Shells, Bugles and Beads. She likewise brought him a great many Spoils, which her other Lovers had presented to her, so that his Cave was richly adorned with all the spotted Skins of Beasts and most party coloured Feathers of Fowls, which that World afforded. To make his Confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the Dusk of the Evening, or by the Favour of Moon-light, to unfrequented

Groves and Solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in Safety, and sleep amidst the Falls of Waters and Melody of Nightingales. Her Part was to watch and hold him asleep in her Arms, for fear of her Countrymen, and awake him on Occasions, to consult his Safety. In this Manner did the Lovers pass away their Time, till they had learned a Language of their own, in which the Voyager communicated to his Mistress how happy he should be to have her in his Country, where she should be cloathed in such Silks as his Waistcoat was made of, and be carried in Houses drawn by Horses, without being exposed to Wind or Weather. All this he promised her the Enjoyment of, without such Fears and Alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender Correspondence those Lovers lived for several Months, when *Yarico*, instructed by her Love, discovered a Vessel on the Coast, to which she made Signals; and in the Night, with the utmost Joy and Satisfaction, accompanied him to a Ship's Crew of his Countrymen, bound to *Barbadoes*. When a Vessel from the Main arrives at that Island, it seems the Planters come down to the Shore, where there is an immediate Market of the *Indians* and other Slaves, as with us of Horses and Oxen.

To be short, Mr. Thomas *Inkle*, now coming into *English* Territories, began seriously to re-

flect upon his Loss of Time, and to weigh with himself how many Days Interest of his Money he had lost during his Stay with *Yarico*. This Thought made the young Man very pensive, and tearful what Account he should be able to give his Friends of his Voyage. Upon which Consideration, the prudent and frugal young Man sold *Yarico* to a *Barbarian Merchant*; notwithstanding that the poor Girl, to incline him to commiserate her Condition, told him that she was with Child by him: But he only made Use of that Information, to raise his Demands upon the Purchaser.

Good-nature abused; or, *The OLD MAN and his YOUNG ASS. An ÆSOPIAN TALE.*

ONCE upon a Time a good-natured old Fellow, who had an Ass to sell, took his Son with him, a young Stripling of about thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, and those two drove his Ass before them to the next Town, where there was a Market; *Why are not you a Couple of silly Blockheads,* says the first Man they met, *to let your Ass march in State before you, and go on Foot yourselves?* The old Fellow upon this Reproof sets his Son upon the Ass. *Sirrah,* says the next Man that came by, *you'll come to the Gallows: What, you ungracious young Dog, must*

you ride, with a Pox to you, and make your antient Father walk after you? The old Farmer, upon this, orders his Son to dismount, and got upon the Afs himself: *Why you hard-hearted old Rogue you,* says an honest Woman that was going to Market, *what, must your fat Carcass be carried, whilst the poor Lad there is up to his Knees in the Dirt, and can scarce drag one Leg after the other?* The old Man upon this took his Son up behind him; *Hark ye, old Fellow,* says a Higler that met him immediately after, *priethee let me ask you one Question, Friend, is that Afs your own?* *Yes it is,* says the old Man; *By my Troth,* says the Higler, *one would hardly think so, by your loading the poor young Creature at that unmerciful Rate, what two lubberly Boobies upon the Back of one poor Afs?* The good-natured old Fellow was now at a Nonplus; he had a-mind to please all his Neighbours if possibly he could, and yet found that he must neither drive his Afs before him, nor ride upon it himself, nor let his Son ride upon it, nor take the Boy up behind him: Whereupon, after a long Pause, he could think of but one Method more to give People Satisfaction, and that was to tie the Afs's Legs together with a Cord, and for himself and his Son to carry him with a Pole upon their Shoulders betwixt them: This Project (though not without some small Share of Trouble) he at last

made a Shift to put in Execution : They were now come to the Town, and lugging along their Afs in this Manner, over a Bridge, which led into the Market place; the People, at so unusual a Sight, set up a general Shout : The old Fellow, with all his Patience and Good-nature, unable to support this last Affront, threw his Afs, in a Passion, over the Bridge into the River, and went Home again about his Business.

The Application.

He who fain would please all, and their good-liking gain, [vain.
Shews a World of Good-nature, but labours in

R I D D L E I.

I'M found in most Countries, yet not in Earth
nor Sea ;
I am in all Timber, yet not in any Tree ;
I am in all Metals, yet, as I am told,
I am not in Iron, Lead, Silver nor Gold.
I am not in *England*, yet, this I can say,
I'm to be found in *Westminster* every Day.
I'm not in Thought, yet never out of Mind,
And in every Moment you may me find.

R I D D L E H.

TWO Brothers we are,
Great Burthens we bear,

With native Humour, temp'ring virtuous Rage;
 Form'd to delight at once; and lash the Age;
 Above Temptation in a low Estate,
 And uncorrupted even among the Great!
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
 These are thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
 Is mixt with Heroes, or with Kings the Dust;
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive Bosom—here lies *Gay*.

*On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON, at Easthamstead,
 in Berks, 1730.*

THIS modest Stone, what few vain Mar-
 bles can,
 May truly say, *Here lies an honest Man*;
 A Poet blest beyond the Poet's Fate,
 Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and
 Great;
 Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
 Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
 Calmly he look'd on either Life, and *here*
 Saw nothing to regret, or *there* to fear;
 From Nature's temp'rate Feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that
 he dy'd.

On Lady SIDNEY.

UNDERneath this Stone doth lie
As much Virtue as cou'd die ;
Which, when alive did Vigour give,
To as much Beauty as cou'd live.

HUMOUROUS EPITAPHS.

*On little STEPHEN, a noted Fidler in the County
of Suffolk.*

STEPHEN and Time
Are now both even ;
Stephen beat Time,
Now Time beat Stephen.

*On RICHARD BUTTON, Esq; who was in-
terr'd in a Church-yard near Salisbury.*

OH Sun, Moon and Stars ! and ye celestial
Poles !
Are Graves then dwindled into Button Holes ?

On Mr. JOHN DAY.

HERE lies the Body of *John Day* ;
What young John ? No, no. Old John ? Aye.

On a noted Blacksmith.

MY Sledge and Hammer lie reclin'd,
My Bellows too have lost their Wind ;
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decay'd,
And in the Dust my Vice is laid ;
My Coal is spent, my Iron's gone,
My Nails are drove, my Work is done.

On Sir JOHN FRY.

HERE lies the Body of Sir *John Fry*;
Oh! Oh! does he so?—There let him lie.

E P I G R A M S.

On a *surly* Victualler, Master of the Red Lion
Inn, at a certain Place near Shaftesbury.

WHEN a Man to the Town for a Show
brings a Lion,
'Tis usual a Monkey the Sign-Post to tie on;
But here the old Custom inverted is seen,
For the Lion's without, and the Monkey's within.
*Wrote on the Collar of a Dog, belonging to the
Prince at Kew.*

I Am the Prince's Dog at *Kew*;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose Dog are you?
*On a Man who usually promis'd more than he
could perform.*

WHEN you promise, Friend *Tom*, you
should always take Care, [the *Bear*.
Not to give the *Bear's Skin* till you've taken

N A T U R E.

NATURE a *Thousand Ways* complains.
A thousand Words express her Pains;
But for her Laughter has but *three*,
And very small Ones, *Ha, ha, he.*

The contented Farmer.

I Eat, drink and sleep, and do what I please;
The King at St. *James's* can only do *these*.

J E S T S.

A Country fellow, who was just come to *London*, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a scrivener's, and seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodities were sold there; but calling to the clerk, pray sir, said he, if I may be so bold, what wares do you deal in? Loggerheads, cry'd the other. 'Pfaith, answer'd the countryman, 'then you've special trade, for I see you have but one left.'

A gentleman having sent for his carpenter's servant, to knock a nail or two in his study; the fellow, after he had done, scratched his ears, and said, he hoped the gentleman would give him something to make him drink. 'Make 'you drink (says the gentleman) there's a 'pickled herring for you; if that don't make 'you drink, I'll give you another.'

A traveller coming into the kitchen of an inn, in a very cold night, stood so close to the fire that he burnt his boots. An arch rogue, who sat in the chimney corner, cry'd out to him, sir, you'll burn your spurs presently. 'My boots, you mean, said the gentleman.' 'No, sir, reply'd the other, they are burnt already.'

A DIALOGUE between Master Billy, and his Tutor Mr. Aimwell ; shewing how a little Boy may make every Body love him, and become a Great Man.



A. **P**RAY how do you like the company your pappa introduced you to yesterday?

B. Oh! mighty well, sir.

A. They are gentlemen and ladies of exceeding good sense: but did you observe how fond they were of Master *Meanwell*.

B. Yes, sir, and I wonder at it; for he is not a pretty boy, nor is his pappa a rich man.

A. That is nothing to the purpose, little boys and girls are not beloved for their beauty or riches, but for their *good nature. good manners and good sense.*

B. Pray, fir, do you think he is a good-natur'd boy.

A. Yes, indeed ; for he is never cross nor out of humour, but always chearful and ready to give an answer to any body that speaks to him. If you give him but an apple, or an orange, he will part with any share of it to those that are with him, whether they are strangers or play-mates ; for which reason he is greatly admired by all his acquaintance.

B. I should like to be taken notice of in this manner. But pray, fir, is this good-nature, as you call it, and a readiness to run on an errand, or part with any thing, all that is necessary to make people love me ?

A. No, you must also behave with *good-manners*, and do every thing with an easy genteel air ; for 'tis graceful behaviour that distinguishes pretty young gentlemen from ignorant boys that mind nothing but spinning of tops. You must also behave with becoming respect to all those who are older, and supposed to be wiser than yourself. When you are asked any question, you must not answer bluntly, yes, or no ; but yes, fir, or no, fir ; yes, madam, or no, madam, and look full in the gentleman or lady's face, when you speak ; for 'tis a mark of meanness to look shy ; and that boy is always counted a booby, who hangs down his head, and is asha-

med to be seen.—When you want any thing, you must not say, give me this, or I'll have that, but ask in this manner: pray, sir, give me that apple; pray, madam oblige me with that orange; or, pray do me the favour of that nut, that plumb, that pear, &c.

B. Why now I think on't, Master *Meanwell* always says so.

A. Yes, my dear boy; but Master *Meanwell* not only speaks in this pretty manner, but behaves as prettily also. When he enters the room, he addresses himself to the whole company with a graceful bow, and when he goes out, takes his leave with another bow. At dinner he sits upright in his chair, and never asks for any thing, but receives what is given him with complaisance and thankfulness; and when he drinks, bows to the most considerable person at the table, and afterwards to all the rest of the company: and if at any time he is sent out of the room, he takes care to pull the door softly, so as not to give them any disturbance. In short, Master *Meanwell* comes when he is called, does as he is bid, and shuts the door after him, and by that means has gained the good-will of every body. Then he takes off his hat to all the people he meets, and while he is talking to a gentleman or lady, holds it under his arm.

B Why, sir, Master *Dicky de Coverly* don't do so.

A. That booby! no, he does nothing as he ought; but you are not to take example from such ill-bred naughty boys as he. Why 'twas but t'other day his father sent him with a message to Mr. *Friendly*, who, you know is a polite gentleman, and he bolted into the parlour among all the company, without taking off his hat, or paying his respects to any of them. With that, Mr. *Friendly*, ask'd him where his hat was? *Why on my head*, quoth *Dick*, and walk'd off without any more ceremony. When he came home, his father asked how Mr. *Friendly* did: *Why rarely well, father*, quoth *Dick*, but only I doubt he's blind. Blind! *Why dost think so*, says the father? *Why! because when I came into the parlour* (quoth *Dick*) *he ask'd me where my hat was? I told him upon my head; but thouf I told'n so, he wou'dn't believe me; and I am sure if a hadn't been blind, he might a seed'en plain enough.* This story hath made both father and son the jest of the whole country: and as Sir *Roger de Coverly* was so great a man, every body is surprized that his son and grandchild should turn out such blunderbuffes

B. But, sir, you was saying just now, that good sense would make me agreeable to every body; pray, what do you mean by good sense?

mend to you, but you must remember the good precepts and morals that are contained in them. When you read the life of any good man, you must endeavour to copy after all those great qualities by which he became so famous. You must learn to write and read well, and endeavour to get a habit of speaking with elegance and ease. You must also get a knowledge of the polite arts and sciences; and for this purpose I would advise you to send for a book called the MUSEUM; or, *Private Tutor for little Masters and Misses*; sold at the most noted booksellers. But above all, you must love God, and be thankful to him for all the blessings he hath bestowed upon you, and never forget to offer up your prayers to him morning and evening, not for yourself only, but also in behalf of your friends, relations, and all mankind. You must take the part of the poor and distressed, relieve those who are in want, and make peace between those who are at variance. You must also be employed in some business, so as to make yourself useful to the Commonwealth; and be ashamed of doing nothing but what your conscience tells you is idle, wicked or dishonest.

N. B. Any little girl, by observing the above rules, may make every body love her, and become a *Great Woman*. M

Of NUMBERS.

NUMBERS are written two different Ways,
by Figures or by Letters, as thus;

One	—	1	—	I
Two	—	2	—	II
Three	—	3	—	III
Four	—	4	—	IV
Five	—	5	—	V
Six	—	6	—	VI
Seven	—	7	—	VII
Eight	—	8	—	VIII
Nine	—	9	—	IX
Ten	—	10	—	X
Eleven	—	11	—	XI
Twelve	—	12	—	XII
Thirteen	—	13	—	XIII
Fourteen	—	14	—	XIV
Fifteen	—	15	—	XV
Sixteen	—	16	—	XVI
Seventeen	—	17	—	XVII
Eighteen	—	18	—	XVIII
Nineteen	—	19	—	XIX
Twenty	—	20	—	XX
Twenty-one	—	21	—	XXI
Thirty	—	30	—	XXX
Forty	—	40	—	XL
Fifty	—	50	—	L
Sixty	—	60	—	LX
Seventy	—	70	—	LXX
Eighty	—	80	—	LXXX
Ninety	—	90	—	XC
One Hundred	—	100	—	C

Two Hundred	_____	200	_____	CC
Three Hundred	_____	300	_____	CCC
Four Hundred	_____	400	_____	CCCC
Five Hundred	_____	500	_____	D
Six Hundred	_____	600	_____	DC
Seven Hundred	_____	700	_____	DCC
Eight Hundred	_____	800	_____	DCCC
Nine Hundred	_____	900	_____	CM
A Thousand	_____	1000	_____	M

Months in the Year.

THERE are twelve Months in a Year, their Names are

January	April	July	October
February	May	August	November
March	June	September	December

Days in the Months.

Thirty Days hath September,
 April, June, and November;
 February hath twenty-eight alone,
 And all the rest have thirty-one.

Short Select Prayers for young Children.

As soon as a Child is able to speak, let him be taught at his first waking every morning, to say

I Laid me down and slept and rose up again,
 for the Lord sustained me; praised be
 his holy name for evermore. *Amen.*

A Morning Prayer.

GLory be to thee, O Lord, who hast pre-
 served me from the perils of the night

past, who hast refreshed me with sleep, and raised me up again to praise thy holy name.

Deliver me, O my God, from the vanity of my own heart, and from the temptations of evil company. Incline my heart to all that is good, that I may be modest and humble, true and just, temperate and diligent, respectful and obedient to my superiors, whether relations or others, that I may fear and love thee above all things; that I may love my neighbour as myself, and do to every one as I would they should do unto me. Let thy good providence defend me this day from all evil and danger; and let the grace of thy holy spirit continually assist me. Bless me, I pray thee, in my learning, and help me daily to encrease in wisdom and virtue. Bless and defend, I beseech thee, our most gracious sovereign king *George*, and all the royal family. I humbly beg thy blessing also upon all my spiritual pastors and masters, and all my relations and friends, (more particularly my father and mother, &c. and every one in this house.) Grant to them whatever may be good for them in this life, and guide them and me to life everlasting, through the merits of *Jesus Christ* our saviour. *Amen. Our Father, &c.*

An Evening Prayer.

GLory be to thee, O Lord God, who hast preserved me from the evils and dangers

of the day past. Let thy good providence, I pray thee, keep and preserve me this night. Pardon whatsoever thou hast seen amiss either in my thoughts words or actions. Make me, O Lord, thoroughly sensible of the great weakness and corruption of my nature. Assist me, I pray thee, in making it my constant endeavour to resist and conquer every evil inclination within me, and every temptation from without.

Help me daily to encrease in the knowledge and love of thee, my God, and my Saviour *Jesus Christ*. Shew me the way in which I should walk, whilst I am young, and grant that I may never depart from it,

Bless and defend, I beseech thee, our most gracious sovereign lord king *George*, and all the royal family.

I humbly beg thy blessing also upon all my spiritual pastors and masters, all my relations and friends (particularly, &c.) and every one in this house. Let it please thee to guide us all in this present life, and conduct us to thy heavenly kingdom.

I humbly commit my soul and body to thy care this night, begging thy gracious protection and blessing, through *Jesus Christ* my only Lord and Saviour, in whose most holy

words I desire to conclude all my requests.
Our Father, &c.

Grace before Meat.

Bless, O Lord, these thy good Creatures to
 our use, and us unto thy service, through
Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Grace after Meat.

Blessed and praised be thy holy name, O
 Lord, for these and all other thy blessings
 bestowed upon us, through *Jesus Christ* our
 Lord. *Amen.*

The universal Prayer.

Father of ALL! in every age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
 Thou great first Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind.
 Yet give me in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill,
 And binding nature fast in fate,
 Let free the human will.
 What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than hell to shun,
 Than more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives,
 T' enjoy is to obey.
 Yet not to earth's contracted span,
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.
 Let not this weak unknowing hand,
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.
 If I am right, oh! teach my heart,
 Still in the right to stay:
 If I am wrong, thy grace impart
 To find that better way.
 Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent;
 At ought thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or ought thy goodness lent.
 Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.
 Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quick'ned by thy breath;
 O lead me whereso'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot ;
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st it best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.
 To thee whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies ;
 One chorus let all being raise !
 All nature's incense rise !

A P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by a Boy seven Years old, at the Representation of a Tragedy of EURIPIDES, in Greek.

UNDER the notion of a play you see,
 We're fairly coax'd to act a tragedy;
 Lord ! how can any man of reason say,
 That so much *labour* shou'd be call'd a *play* ?
 Shou'd any here be so absurd a fool,
 I'd lend a leg to kick him out of school,
 To me, I'm sure, it cost an aching heart,
 An aching head before I got my part.
 Not all the learning of the year behind,
 Laid half so great a load upon my mind.

Says my mamma to me the other night,
*La child, these ugly books will spoil thee quite ;
 It hurts your growth, you shou'd not read at all,
 See Billy grows, you'll never be so tall.*
 And right she says, they cost us too much pains.
 I've wish'd ten thousand times for *Billy's* brains ;
 Or for no breech to whip, for then I'd play,
 But not in *Greek*—no, no, an easier way ;

Now pray observe, 'tis worth your while to look,
 You see this *gigg* here, sirs, you see this book,
 The *gigg* can spin, and hop, and frisk, and roll,
 The *book* you see is heavy, lumpish, dull.

See how much life is in this bounding *ball*,
 Now *smoak* the *book*, it cannot bound at all.

This *top* I bear to play at *mug* and *gloss*,
 This bone I keep to play at *pitch* and *tofs*;
 But this, for neither *tofs* or *pitch* is fit,

A stupid *drone* it is——now is not it?

I swear the very sight on't makes me sick,
 Faith, it is a cursed bone to pick.

Next I present you with my *paper kite*,
 What bard e'er boasted so sublime a *flight*?

See how she skims and soars along the sky;

Come, friend *Euripides*, let's see you fly.

Ha! down he comes——in vain aloft he springs,

A perfect lifeless *bat* with *leathern* wings.

Behold my bag of *marbles*——fund of pleasure!

Here speckled *tarws*, dutch *allees*——what a
 treasure!

Now, what's this *volume* good for, oh! let's see?

Yes, 'twill just do to put beneath my knee;

While thus I knuckle down to see all fair,

And wisely act within my proper *sphere*.

O! could I thus in happiness and ease,

Pass the remainder of my youthful days;

Secure from *birch*, regardless of its Pain,

I'd never, never read a *book* again.

If then we act not well our play in *Greek*,
 'Tis that our *play* should be—— at *hide and seek*.

The Advice of a Father to his Children.

THIS instant is thine; the next is in the
 womb of futurity, and thou knowest
 not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it
 quickly; defer not till the evening, what the
 morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and pain; but
 the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The hand of diligence defeateth want; prof-
 perity and success are the industrious man's
 attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth that
 hath risen to power, that hath cloathed him-
 self with honour, that is spoken of in the city
 with praise; and that standeth before the King
 in his counsel? Even he that hath shut out
 idleness from his house; and that hath said
 unto sloth thou art mine enemy.

Boast not of thyself, for it shall bring con-
 tempt upon thee; neither deride another, for
 it is dangerous.

From the experience of others, do thou
 learn wisdom, and from their failings correct
 thine own faults.

It becometh thee, O child of calamity! early
 to fortify thy mind with courage and patience,

that thou may'st support, with a becoming resolution, thy allotted portion of human evil.

The nearest approach thou can'st make to happiness on this side of the grave is to enjoy from heaven understanding and health. These blessings, if thou possessest, and would'st preserve to old age, avoid the allurements of voluptuousness, and fly from her temptations.

In all thy undertakings, let a reasonable assurance animate thy endeavours; if thou despair'st of success thou shalt not succeed.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou shalt wonder that any but fools should be wroth.

Be grateful to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for she sustained thee.

Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good; give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love.

Fear the Lord all the days of thy life, and walk in the paths which he hath opened before thee. Let *prudence* admonish thee, let *temperance* restrain; let justice guide thy hand; *benevolence* warm thy heart, and *gratitude* to heaven inspire thee with devotion. These shall give thee happiness in thy present state, and bring thee to the mansions of eternal felicity in the paradise of God.

On the Subject of Religion and Knowledge.

AS the knowledge of God in his *Nature* and *Perfections* is excellent and desirable so likewise to know him in those glorious manifestations of himself in the works of *Creation* and *Providence* and above all, in that stupendous work of the *Redemption* of the world by *Jesus Christ*, is a mystery so interesting, and so excellent a piece of knowledge, that the Angels themselves are said to *desire to pry into it*.

For whatever knowledge a man may be endowed withall, he is but an ignorant person who doth not know God, the author of his being, &c. and who doth not know the Lord *JESUS CHRIST, who is the way, the truth, and the life*.

If a man by a vast and imperious mind, and a heart large as the sand upon the sea shore, as it is said of Solomon, could command all the knowledge of *nature* and *art*, of *words* or *things*; could attain to a mastery in all the languages and sound the depths of all arts and sciences, measure the earth and the heavens, and tell the stars and declare their orders and morions; could discourse of all states, the intrigues of all courts, the reason of civil laws and constitutions, and give an account of the history of all ages, and yet in the mean time be destitute of the knowledge of God and Christ, and his *Duty*, all this would be but an impertinent *Vanity*, and a mere glittering kind of *Ignorance*.

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